

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year— March 13, 1915

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

FEATURES OF THE WEEK

Triumph of Sob, Slush and Bathos in Recent
Murder Trial

Waning of State Division Sentiment

Passing of Two United States Senators

State Railroad Lure Analyzed

Life's Little Comedies: II---"A Caller in the
Sanctum"

Browsings: American Literary Lights of Mid-
dle Nineteenth Century

"Builders of a World"---Poem

By the Way: Intimate Gossip of Men and Events

--R. H. C.'s Golden Gate Gossip--Theaters

--Society--Music--Art--Books--Finance--

News in Brief.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

RALPH FULLERTON MOCINE



Report of the Condition of The First National Bank of Los Angeles

At the Close of Business March 4, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$15,759,070.41
Bonds, Securities, Etc.	1,274,289.00
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	1,250,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	None
Furniture and Fixtures	175,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	6,414,946.30

TOTAL \$24,873,305.71

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,543,304.20
Circulation	1,200,100.00
Reserve for Taxes, Etc.	32,018.71
Bills Payable	485,000.00
Notes and Bills Rediscounted	100,000.00
Letters of Credit	27,088.60
Deposits	18,985,794.20

TOTAL \$24,873,305.71

Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit Issued.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits

I, W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. M. ELLIOTT FRANK P. FLINT E. J. MARSHALL
JOHN P. BURKE H. JEVNE P. Q. STORY
J. C. DRAKE J. O. KOEPLI DIRECTORS.

Statement of Condition

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

At the Close of Business March 4, 1915

(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank)

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$13,174,557.93
Bonds, Securities, Etc.	2,272,033.21
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1,050,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,871,095.08

Total \$21,367,686.22

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,300,000.00
Undivided profits	231,951.81
Reserve for Taxes, Interest, Etc.	64,642.71
Deposits—Demand	\$5,823,020.87
Time	12,448,070.83

Total \$21,367,686.22

The Citizens National Bank Of Los Angeles, California Cor. Third and Main Sts.

Statement Called by Comptroller of the Currency
March 4th, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$7,539,687.05
United States Bonds at Par	1,091,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank Stock	40,000.00
Municipal and Other Bonds	491,267.50
Bonds to Secure Postal Deposits	124,000.00
Other Real Estate Owned	18,701.52
Customers' Liability (on Letters of Credit)	28,521.65
Furniture and Fixtures (New Banking Room)	86,633.42
Five Per Cent. Fund	50,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks	3,494,769.42

\$12,874,538.56

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus	500,000.00
Undivided Profits (less Expenses and Taxes Paid)	262,676.79
Reserve for Taxes	6,121.62
Circulation	999,997.50
Letters of Credit	29,445.93
Deposits	9,570,206.72

\$12,874,538.56

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A. J. WATERS, President.
J. ROSS CLARK, Vice President.
M. J. MONNETTE, Vice President.
WM. W. WOODS, Vice President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
GEO. E. F. DUFFET, Asst. Cashier.
GEO. BUGBEE, Asst. Cashier.
H. D. IVEY, Asst. Cashier.

The Citizens Trust & Savings Bank Of Los Angeles

Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business on March 4, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans	\$2,417,454.06
Bonds and Other Securities	467,998.88
Furniture and Fixtures	20,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks	\$13,462.12
Other Resources	1,140.75

\$3,750,055.81

LIABILITIES

Capital (actually paid up)	\$500,000.00
Surplus	130,000.00
Undivided Profits	27,149.12
Reserve for Interest and Taxes	6,024.07
Deposits	3,086,882.62

\$3,750,055.81

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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, MARCH 13, 1915

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: ASSOCIATE



STATE RAILROAD LURE ANALYZED

POSSIBLY, California is ready for state ownership and operation of railroads, but we have our doubts of the wisdom of taking over the Western Pacific, so enthusiastically suggested by Governor Johnson. If the projectors of that bankrupt road were unable to make of it a profitable venture, wherein is the state better able to coax dividends from its diffident earnings? By enlarging its sphere, suggests the governor, building south to Los Angeles and running hither and yon other lateral feeders. Yes, but a costly procedure. Fifty millions to start with and fifty more to augment its scope and render possible the dividends to take care of the fixed charges. Competition from the keenest railroad operators in the country is assured in the territory proposed to be traversed which, by the way, is not suffering from lack of service. It is not as if there was a dearth of tracks in the region the Western Pacific would serve; the country is fairly well supplied with railroads, none of which is reaping inordinate profits.

Besides, the Western Pacific, under state ownership, would still be subject to the rules, regulations and rate-making mandates of the interstate commerce commission. If that body is doing its duty it is giving full protection to the people from excessive freight rates and inordinate demands of the privately owned and controlled transcontinental railroads now doing business in the state; within the confines of California the state railroad commission is supposed to be amply supplementing the work of the federal body outside the commonwealth. Could a state-owned and operated railroad, subject to similar regulations, do more? In all likelihood the Western Pacific, if financed by the state, and with increased mileage, would parallel roads already established, thus splitting the business that now affords fair profits for the one road or, in instances, two and three. The policy of the state railroad commission has been to discourage any such invasion as jeopardizing the capital invested. Could it consistently reverse itself even if the people were to approve the bond issue for the acquirement of the Western Pacific?

But the most serious objection we find to the project is that it savors of economic waste. It will mean the expenditure of one hundred millions of public money, or credit, to do that which is already being done. We have seen instances of unwise duplication by municipalities of quasi-public utility plants where the craze for relieving

private initiative of its burden has been paramount. In Los Angeles also, has been seen the folly of exhausting the credit of the city on a public project that was not necessary and which to be an approved success will demand the expenditure of many more millions. The state might find itself in a similar fix. But we can hardly believe that the taxpayers south of the Tehachapi would approve a bond issue of fifty millions of dollars for a road that is wholly outside their territory, yet to acquire which would mulct them so heavily. Of course, the lure would be laterals and branches to the southern half, but that would mean many more millions with no appreciable benefit other than the private roads now yield under state and federal regulation. Is the game worth the candle? We are from Missouri!

TRIUMPH OF SOB, SLUSH AND BATHOS

WHAT a glorious inning the "sob-sister" writers have had in their treatment of the trial of the Los Angeles jeweler who, in a fit of ungovernable temper, shot to his death a man whom he disliked! How they have slobbered and maundered over the various phases of the case, which from first to last has been almost without precedent in the annals of criminal trials in this country. It has proved a nauseating procedure and so cleverly did the counsel for the defense work the sentiment asset that the culminating sentence may be regarded as a marked tribute to their tearful skill. We are lost in admiration of the resourceful alertness of the defendant's chief counsel who interrupted the trial judge just as he was about to pronounce sentence and by gracious consent of the court interposed a touching plea for leniency for his penitent client. He reminded the judge that the law's intent was not revenge for offenses committed against society, but merely to protect it and that a minimum sentence would be ample for that beneficent purpose.

We are told that the trial judge was "visibly affected" by the criminal lawyer's effort—let us hope the fee was adequate—that women sobbed and men wept, whereupon the lucky murderer was presented with a twelve-year sentence in San Quentin, which good behavior may reduce to about ten years or the lowest penalty the defense dared hope to see imposed. Considering that the murder was unprovoked, the victim was unarmed and was shot in the back, and the father of a family, wholly dependent upon him, the sentence can hardly be regarded as otherwise than a great victory for sob, slush, and bathos. Why bother about seeking the abolition of such a trifle as capital punishment when an unprovoked murder can go unwhipped of justice—due to the emotional jury's second-degree verdict—in the manner noted! What a stage setting to every act! Between the verdict and the sentence the suit by the widow of the slain man for punitive damages! The award in her favor, so nobly acquiesced in by the murderer and his counsel, and with this bountiful expression of penitence in evidence, the sentence!—not forgetting the entertaining interruption by the criminal lawyer.

Truly, it has been a trial full of quavers and semi-quavers. We have not heard so much about the wife made a widow by the shot of the assassin, nor of the children his cowardly deed rendered fatherless; that is not what a criminal lawyer is hired to do—that is the district attorney's cue. Almost, at times, when we have seen the murderer dandling his "two little babies on his

knees, with his three other sorrowing children sitting beside their parents," we have been on the brink of blending our tears with those of the weeping lawyers for the defense, but our self-control eventually achieved the mastery. The last episode before the final curtain—really, the trial resembled nothing so much as a ten-twenty-third' melodrama—is the statement of the fortunate murderer as he receded to his cell, that he had told the widow of his victim that if she would intercede with Governor Johnson and attempt to gain his parole he "would take care of her." He naively explains his position thus: "I am no good in the penitentiary, and I can't help her, but if I get out I can do some useful work and help her and my family." How it recalls the whining phrases of poor, abused Abraham Ruef of black-mailing memory!

STATE DIVISION SENTIMENT WANING

MORE or less space has been devoted of late in the newspapers of California to the subject of state division. It is scarcely to be regarded as a live issue; what interest is noted, of more than a perfunctory nature, is found north of the Tehachapi, the natural dividing line if the state were bisected. It is suspected, and with good reason, we apprehend, that the effort to create sentiment in favor of political divorce was not wholly spontaneous, but was the result of carefully nurtured plans emanating from that element in the north opposed to prohibitory laws governing the manufacture and sale of liquor in any form in California. The question was bruited at a most unpropitious time by those favoring the partition of the state. With two expositions drawing visitors from all quarters of the country to an indivisible California, the pride of whose people is naturally enlisted in our north and south fairs, psychologically, a poorer time in which to spread division propaganda could hardly be imagined.

Ten years ago such a proposition, having its origin in the north, would have been received with acclaim by the people living south of the Tehachapi, whose forced subservience to the political bosses of the state was an exasperating circumstance. The oligarchy had its seat of power in San Francisco and maintained feudal lordship over the state with rigid sway. From supreme court judges, down to the humblest crossroads constable it dictated the politics of California, rasping the nerves of independent citizens almost beyond endurance. To escape such tyranny any plan of deliverance would have been welcomed, and on the several occasions when a state division movement was agitated it received cordial support in this part of the commonwealth. But such a division was by no means to the liking of the ruling spirits and all attempts to interest the legislature in the question were promptly squelched.

But a remarkable change in the politics of California has taken place in the last decade. The self-appointed philanthropists who were in the habit of issuing secret manifestoes for willy nilly observance by the majority have been deprived of their wonted autocratic powers and a new dynasty has been installed of less selfish propensities. Southern California no longer is the tail to the northern kite and with largely augmented population and increased representation in the legislature receives respectful consideration and equitable treatment in all matters affecting her interests. The capital is still five hundred miles from the southern metropolis, but transportation

facilities are of the best and telephonic communication in a crisis immediate. These features, together with a better understanding between the business men of San Francisco and Los Angeles, have conspired to render state division sentiment a negligible quantity among the thinking people of California until, in this portion of the state especially, there is scarcely a trace of the resentment that once blazed so fiercely against the northern "dictators." With their elimination the effect has disappeared. We of the south are proud of the state of our adoption and now that the source of irritation against a blanketed state is removed we are by no means eager to have the political knife applied to the body geographical. We venture the opinion that state division sentiment, at this writing, so far as actual influence is concerned, is as dead as the proverbial doornail.

NOTED ECONOMIST ON ADVERTISING

THAT well-known writer on economics and noted statistician, Mr. Roger Babson, has been uttering sound words for the merchants and manufacturers of the country. They are to the effect that advertising should be extended over a cycle of time longer than one year. Five years he considers a desirable period. In this way business will be more evenly distributed. Not too many orders to handle when business is good or too few when business is slack. He believes there should be less advertising in prosperous times and more of it in dull seasons. Mr. Babson thinks that the advertising men of this country are largely responsible for the booms and depressions. Look to net profit and not gross sales in his curt advice, adding "The plants of today that are making the most money today are those that have the steadiest output, not those that have the greatest gross at different periods."

He points out that American manufacturers and merchants, often when business is rushing gaily along, enlarge their plants, start advertising heavily, increase their payrolls. Then comes a reaction, and the enlarged plant has to run on "half time" for a year or so with the result that a good portion of profits is lost. On the other hand the European man of commerce cares little about gross sales and large volume. He is more interested in net profits and his idea is to raise the ratio of net profit. When his business gets to where it cannot take care of all the orders he does not immediately build a larger plant but lets his competitors take care of the surplus and retains the cream of the business, raises his price or increases his ratio of profit by efficiency and standardization. Depression time comes along and he keeps right on running on nearly full time and has the pick of the clientage to supply. He has fewer loans on his shoulders and more hours of peaceful sleep.

Whether or not Mr. Roger Babson—who is recognized internationally as the man who knows more about more things, from a larger encyclopedia of statistic sets than any other man—is right or wrong is for American manufacturers and merchants to take under advisement. There is no doubt that he has started our business men thinking along a new pathway. Unquestionably, there is altogether too much of the hit-and-miss tactics in advertising and merchandising, too little of cold-blooded analysis. In a twelvemonth or so from now we will see merchants and manufacturers crying for space in advertising columns of magazines and newspapers. Publicity agents will be given big budgets of money to spend where now they have less to do with than they should have. Yet hardly a publisher but what would prefer to have his clients use less space and use it more continuously. Prosperity comes to him simultaneously with the advertiser and similarly, he shares days of depression. Advertising is a dangerous play-

thing, as it is also the most potent force in commerce. He who understands the proper use of it commands the best the world has to give in reputation, in wealth, in self respect.

PASSING OF TWO SENATORS

NEARLY at the same time two of California's honored public men retired, the one from congress, the other from all earthly scenes. After twenty years of faithful service at the national capital Hon. George C. Perkins goes back to private life, serene in the knowledge that no breath of scandal has ever besmirched his official career, that he did his duty whole-heartedly and zealously in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and fealty to his party. Many of his constituents have differed with him at times in regard to his point of view on public questions, but his loyalty to California was never doubted and his energy in behalf of the state he represented so assiduously was abundantly demonstrated. In leaving the senate he carries with him to the coast the unbounded respect of his more recent colleagues and the personal regard of those who have served with him through several administrations.

Associated with him for one term in the United States senate was the late Thomas R. Bard, of Hueneme, whose death a few days ago removed from the state one of California's most estimable citizens. Senator Bard's election preceded the revolt in the state against the political methods that had been rampant for nearly a quarter of a century. He was essentially an independent in his political affiliations, yet his adherence to the high protection shibboleth held him to Republican doctrines. Doubtless, he meant well when he advocated free tolls for coastwise vessels using the Panama canal; as a believer in subsidies his course was consistent; we believe he was wrong in that advocacy, but respect his opinion. The test of experience is proving beyond the shadow of a doubt how much more correct is President Wilson's position and policy than was the attitude of Senator Bard and of those others who believed as he did.

California has had a number of able and even brilliant men representing her in the upper house of congress since she sprang, full-fledged, into the union of states, but none whose official and personal record reflects greater credit on the senator and on the state, than those of retiring Senator Perkins and the late Thomas R. Bard. Neither could be regarded as brilliant statesmen, but, what is far better, each proved his worth by faithful service, clean personal conduct and persistent devotion to the interests of his state. Brilliant public men are not always safe custodians of the public welfare; they are inclined to be erratic and disappointing in times of stress. For workaday purposes men like Messrs. Perkins and his erstwhile colleague, Mr. Bard, are of far greater value to their constituents than the intellectual giants who hit only the high spots in legislative industry with no time or patience for the drudgery of political life.

MILITARISTS' FALLACIOUS REASONING

IT is a favorite dogma of the believers in militarism that the rapid development of a country, which occasionally follows a successful war, is the result of the military success. But it is a belief that will not stand careful investigation. "Successful war," says a writer in the March Century, "even of such prolonged and devastating character as the Dutch war for independence, is the sure forerunner of a vigorous period of expansion. For modern instances of the rule we need seek no further than our own northern states after the Civil War, or Germany after the war of 1870." A writer in the current World's Work even goes so far as to credit our flash in the Spanish War with causing the revival of trade, due to the recovery from

the panic of 1893. To justify the notion that a war was the cause of the following period of expansion, it would seem to be necessary to show that no such expansive condition existed before the war.

What are the facts about Holland? The beginning of this development in the Netherlands goes back to the foundation of free cities in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these cities were the commercial centers of Europe. The wars at the end of the sixteenth century were the result of attempts by the titular sovereigns, foreign, non-resident autocrats, to deprive these cities of their rights and privileges, and both success in war and subsequent development were legitimate and inevitable results of this earlier development. The discovery of the new world and improvements in navigation, help to explain the spectacular character of the later development, while the shortness of its duration might easily be credited to the exhaustion following the extreme exertion during the war, just as the short lives of prize fighters, athletes, and stock-brokers are supposed to result from the over-exertion incident to and the exciting nature of their employment.

Much the same might be said about conditions in our country after the Civil War. The development following, was only the normal continuation of what had been going on for more than two hundred years. Railroads, i.e., improved means of communication, had much more truly a causal relation to the explosive character of this development than the Civil War. The sudden return to civil life of several hundred thousand men, who for three or four years had been diverted from their normal vocations gave a fictitious appearance of extraordinarily increased activity, but the development of the country was really delayed, not accelerated by the war. An interesting sidelight on this question might be deduced from the fact that the leaders in industrial development are seldom men with notable military records. "After"—consequently, on account of—is such a beautifully simple method of reasoning it is no wonder it is a favorite with historical and philosophical as well as medical quacks.

NOTABLE SIXTY-THIRD CONGRESS

DOUBTLESS, there are many who will disagree with President Wilson's statement that "a great congress has closed its session." Yet in specific instances its work revealed the quality of greatness. Genius is said to be a mark of greatness and genius has been defined as the capacity for taking infinite pains. Notably, in the legislation that gave the country its new tariff law and its excellent banking and currency measure, the sixty-third congress exhibited such painstaking efforts that the touch of genius, ergo, greatness, was apparent. These two reformatory laws have stamped the sixty-third congress as far above the average for persistent striving in the face of countless obstacles to success, and for that reason, if for none other, Mr. Wilson is justified in the use of his designatory term.

With congress out of the way the President admonishes his fellow-citizens to concentrate their best thought on the welfare of the country, its peace, its order, its "just and tempered judgment" in the face of perplexing difficulties. It is a time when patience and disinterested fairness are attributes singularly in demand and in urging the fostering of these sentiments the executive has in mind the desire to prove to the turbulent nations that here, at least, may be found a spirit of friendliness and enlightenment that cannot fail to establish the influence of America throughout the world. It is in brief comment such as these that Mr. Wilson appears at his best. There is a quality, a depth of understand-

ing and intuition of what is needful that mark the true statesman as well as the high-minded patriot.

If Mr. Wilson is chagrined and disappointed by the failure of congress to enact the ship purchase bill he has given no evidence of such. Perhaps, he realizes that it was not an ideal bill; that while it aimed to supplant the vicious ship subsidy plan of extending our commerce it had its drawbacks. It was killed by the opposition filibustering tactics and by the recalcitrants from within his party. R. I. P. From now until late in the fall Washington will be minus the group of statesmen and near statesmen who have been almost in continuous session for two years. The next congress will be deprived of the intellectual influence of Senator Root and of the ripened experience of Senator Burton, more's the pity, and with a much smaller majority in the house the Democrats will have to be alert in the support of progressive legislation if they would convince the people of their fitness to remain in power. A bare majority may prove a blessing in disguise; it should act as a spur to the party as well as an incentive to give of its best.



RECENT celebration of the centennial of the North American Review and the projected half-century of publication number of the New York Nation were in my mind when I came across, this week, at the Old Book Shop, a copy of the Knickerbocker Gallery, published in 1854 as a testimonial to Lewis Gaylord Clark, then and for nearly a quarter of a century the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine. The testimonial was in the nature of gratuitous articles from the best contemporary writers in America, all of whom had been contributors to the magazine. In a foreword it is stated that "friends of the veteran and popular editor of the Knickerbocker have known without surprise, but with regret, that his pecuniary recompense has been altogether disproportioned to his long-continued labors, so that only a loving devotion to the work, which he has led from its infancy up to a famous maturity, could have induced him to persevere in those toils which, otherwise applied, would have brought a suitable reward of fortune." His collaborators in order to raise a fund available for the building of a cottage on the Hudson, suitable for a man of letters, who like Mr. Clark, was also a lover of nature and of rural life, proposed to mass their poems, sketches and stories in a volume, whose sale should supply the sum necessary for the purpose stated. The suggestion proved popular, was speedily adopted and the Knickerbocker Gallery was the result. It offers a most interesting study of the literary style of the middle nineteenth century in America and is, really, a volume of "tasteful elegance" as the prospectus sets forth. It is embellished with forty-eight portraits on steel, from original pictures engraved expressly for the publication and they form a valuable collection of the literary lights of that day.

Among the names more familiar to the readers of this century are Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Samuel Osgood, Donald G. Mitchell (Ik. Marvel), George H. Boker, George D. Prentice, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Epes Sargent, John G. Saxe, James T. Fields, George P. Morris, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Charles G. Leland, Park Benjamin, Samuel S. Cox, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Rufus W. Griswold, Nathaniel P. Willis, Richard Henry Stoddard, William H. Seward, Charles F. Briggs, and Fitz-Greene Halleck. It is a sheaf of the highest literary minds our country has known since it threw off the British yoke—all living contributors at the time, although Irving was in his seventy-first year, and with only five years to remain, but with "Wolfert's Roost" and his "Life of George Washington" still to come from his facile and industrious pen. The majority of the contributors

were in the prime of their productivity and gave of their best to the cause of their comrade in letters. Irving's contribution recalled an interview with Talma, a famous French tragic actor, which the American author had with him in Paris in 1821. Irving, in a note, explains that his conversations with Talma were intended to form the basis of speculations on the French literature of the day, which were never carried out. He closes his sketchy essay with this dip into the future: "I should not be surprised to find the French breaking away from rigid rule; from polished verse, easy narrative, the classic drama, and all the ancient delights of elegant literature, and rioting in direful romances, melodramatic plays, turgid prose, and glowing rough-written poetry." He was not far wrong, although the turgidity of the prose has not proved to be a national literary failing.

What is especially attractive to the student of American literature is the engraved reproductions of the portraits of talented contributors as they appeared in the 50's. Donald G. Mitchell, then in his thirty-second year and serving as United States consul at Venice, fathers a legend of the Swiss Alps, "The Bride of the Ice-King." His picture reveals an open, pleasing countenance, with friendly eyes, an aquiline nose, smiling lips, clean-shaven, cheeks full and fringed with black sideburns; the head covered with a shock of black, curly hair. A most attractive portrait of the "Ik. Marvel," so dear to many of us. George H. Boker, the dramatic poet, whose tribute to General Phil Kearny is a classic ode, contributed a fragment from his then unpublished tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." He has a lofty brow, soft, curly hair, a mustache and small beard. His large eyes and sensitive nose bespeak the poetic temperament. William Cullen Bryant's offering is a poem, "The Snow Shower." The fine face is wreathed in a snowy frame, the forehead continuing to the horizon line. The frogged coat with its heavy black velvet collar picturesquely heightens the noble features. Bayard Taylor's curly hair and beard, his resolute mouth and long, thin, pointed nose seem to belong to an older man than the celebrated traveler-author at 29. He had only recently returned from accompanying Perry's expedition in Japan and had just begun to be known as a public lecturer. His contribution is a brief but graphic description of a visit to St. Helena and the vault that for twenty years held the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. Epes Sargent has handsome, classical features, black hair falling in long locks, large, luminous eyes, arched eyebrows, a straight nose and a dimpled chin—Poe, minus signs of dissipation, he suggests. Sargent was for a number of years, editor of the Boston Transcript from which he retired to devote himself entirely to authorship. His offering is an Indian legend of Wenona, a maiden who refused to become the fourth squaw of an old Indian chief, and her happy escape from such martyrdom. John G. Saxe, that inimitable humorist, of "Proud Miss McBride" memory, shows a tendency to baldness at thirty-eight, but he lived to see his seventy-first year. His contribution is a poem, "I'm Growing Old."

James T. Fields, the publisher and one-time editor of the Atlantic Monthly, dresses a la Byron, in rolling collar, soft black necktie, and hair in picturesque confusion. He shows a fine profile, a sensitive mouth and rather effeminate chin. A facsimile of his signature reveals small, delicate chirography, not unlike that of his near namesake Eugene Field, of a later generation of writers. George P. Morris, whose "Woodman, Spare That Tree," has fixed his fame in American literature, looks like a retired sea-captain, a sort of polished Cap'n Cuttle, with a fringed beard, full cheeks, curly hair brushed forward, thus completing the all-around fringe, and a sturdy frame. He sings the charms of "Jeanne Marsh of Cherry Valley" in two stanzas. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's face is enshrined in a setting of long, waving hair that meets a pair of dainty sideburns. A broad forehead surmounts large, expressive eyes divided by a prominent, well-shaped nose guarding a firm mouth and chin; altogether a striking portrait of the poet at 47, whose Hiawatha was not yet published. His poetic contribution is "The Emperor's Bird's Nest," that pretty little idyl crediting Emperor Charles of Spain with a bit of sentiment for a swallow's nest. Charles G. Leland of "Hans Breitmann's Party" memory, shows a whimsical eye and mouth and a square forehead. His hair is parted low on one side, thus accenting the squareness of his face. A full beard hides his chin, causing him to look, at thirty, at least twenty years older. His offering is a viking poem, "The Wedding Trip of Jarl Alvar Rafn."

Another old favorite, whose familiar white sideburns of the 80's are seen in their pristine beauty of the 50's, is George William Curtis, journalist, orator, publicist and author. At that time he had

just started the "Easy Chair" in Harper's Magazine, in which editorial capacity he was for so long associated. George D. Prentice, the veteran editor of the Louisville Journal, gazes sternly forth from his Henry Clay collar and then softens enough to write an ode "To a Beautiful Girl." Another noted journalist of the 50's was Park Benjamin. His face is of the Greeley type, with its deep crop of "Galways," expansive forehead and inquiring eyes. Samuel S. Cox, "Sunset" Cox, then editor of the Columbus (Ohio) Statesman—before he won fame in congress—has an alert, intelligent face, a generous mouth and a high forehead. He writes of the "Satanic in Literature." Sturdy Henry R. Schoolcraft, of rugged features and corrugated brows, ethnologist, explorer and historian, gives a "Curt History of the United States." Rufus W. Griswold, one of the acutest critical writers of his day and age, looks not unlike David Warfield in a character portrayal. "Love Supreme" is the title of the poem he contributes to the symposium. Nathaniel P. Willis, with his Roscoe Conkling curl and Vandye beard, looks every inch the poet. He was too ill to prepare a special article, so sent Mr. Clark a letter in which, among other gems of thought, is this one: "The old age of literary men seems to be a Lethean unavoidable gulf of oblivion which they must needs cross to their immortality. The world which is to know them when dead forgets them when old."

That fine poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, was 27 when his first collection of poems was published. His picture shows him two years later, at 29, a thoughtful, earnest face, straight nose, good chin and broad forehead. He sent two poems, one, a "Serenade," that has lost none of its charm after sixty years. William H. Seward's statesmanlike features—he was then serving his first term as United States senator from New York—front his article on "The Physical Development of the United States." He draws this moral from the physical progress of the country: "That the strongest bonds of cohesion in society are commerce and gratitude for protected freedom." Then there is Fitz-Greene Halleck's fine old face, with its bulging forehead and general old-school suggestiveness. His "Marco Bozzaris" remained a household word long after its author had joined the great majority. The dean of the New York literati—not including Irving—pens a pleasing metrical tribute to Louis Gaylord Clark, the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, which fitly closes this unique volume. In the main, the contents rank high, the contributors are representative American writers of that period and the book is handsomely made. Lewis Gaylord Clark, the beneficiary of this literary potpourri, was the twin brother of Willis Clark, who edited the Philadelphia Gazette until his death in 1841. Lewis became the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine almost from its inception in 1832, succeeding Charles Fenno Hoffman, who was its initial editor. The magazine had varying fortunes but never paid its editor commensurately, hence the expression of good will, which took the form of the Knickerbocker Gallery. Clark's kindly, intellectual features beam in the frontispiece and on the opposite page is a vignette of the proposed Knickerbocker cottage on the Hudson which the sale of the book was to insure. I hope there was no disappointment in the results. S. T. C.

Senator Root's Typical Componency

ROOT.—(Vide Mr. Webster) That part of a plant that descends and fixes itself in the earth by which the plant is nourished. (Also)—implant deeply. (Again)—to eradicate.

A root takes the good that the plant needs if there is any to take. Of course, if there is not any good to take, or if but little—

But what is the use, why not get down to the bottom of it? Mr. Root has left the senate. Needless to say he will be replanted elsewhere.

Perhaps, find nourishment for the constitution of the state of New York—if there is any to find that the constitution will assimilate.

Almost typical has been Mr. Root of his name. One might say that his usefulness lies mainly in perceiving what is practical and helping the press agency of others make good rather than be his own press agent plant.

His mind is well acquainted with the various kinds of soils and soiled soils and the nourishment that can be derived from them.

Again, typically of all roots, the decayed fertilizer thrown upon the soil above by the time it reaches his roots and is absorptive undergoes many changes. He has shown an unusual American ability to comprehend and assimilate the truth in a thing. S. H.

Funny, isn't it? Although brewers are the owners of several of the professional baseball clubs, many of the managers refuse to permit the players to indulge in the products of these owners.

Life's Little Comedies--II. A Caller in the Sanctum--By S. T. C.

Persons in the Colloquy

THE EDITOR: Medium size, well knit figure; about 40; wears pince nez glasses; smooth-shaven face, ruddy features, dark-brown hair; sits in shirt sleeves, rolled back to the elbow, allowing free play to his hands; he does not use a typewriter.

COUNCILMAN McMURDEN: Black-bearded, burly man of 45; at least as heavy again as the editor; member of the city council; is in a towering rage because of free criticism of his official acts.

(The editorial rooms are on an upper floor of the building. The hour is 5:30 and the staff has gone home leaving the editor alone in his sanctum looking over matter intended for next day's paper. He sits at a long table of "mission" style design. The right end is flanked by a bookcase, the left by an open grate and mantel. He faces the door, back to the window. On the walls are photographs of public men; an illuminated copy of the Declaration of Independence hangs in a frame over the fireplace. Several clever cartoons decorate the bookcase. The table is littered with papers, magazines and books of reference. There is no one within call when McMurdén enters, in a violent temper, flourishing a copy of The Evening Scimitar of that date. The editor is so intent on his work that he has hardly noted the advent of the irate caller.)

COUNCILMAN McMURDEN
(Explosive with wrath): I am looking for the _____ that wrote this rot about me in to-night's Scimitar!

THE EDITOR
(Takes off his glasses, which are for reading only, the better to identify the visitor. Then, quietly): And who are you, please?

McMURDEN
(Spitting out his words like stones from a catapult): My name is Peter McMurdén! I'm the councilman from the twelfth ward.

THE EDITOR
(Suddenly interested): O yes, pardon me if I failed to recognize you at once; we meet so seldom.

McMURDEN
(Excitedly): Cut out the palaver! I want to see the miserable skunk that printed this stuff about me! (Jabs the editorial page, which is folded out.)

THE EDITOR
(Politely): Why?

McMURDEN
Because I'm going to wipe up the floor with his carcass!

THE EDITOR
(Inwardly quaking, but outwardly calm): O, indeed! Well, I'm your man!

McMURDEN
(Sneeringly): So I supposed, and you're going to get what's coming to you, right now! (He starts to go around the long, flat, mission table to the right. A drawer is partially open in which rests a four-barrel, wide-bore derringer, of the "pepper-box" variety. Instinctively, the editor reaches for the weapon and levels it at the angry man's stomach.)

THE EDITOR
Stay right where you are, unless you want a dose of this!

McMURDEN
(Halting): O, so you're loaded, are you?

THE EDITOR
As you see!

McMURDEN
(Grinding his teeth): D---n! The next time we meet you won't have so soft a time! There's no jury in the country that would convict a man for killing an editor!

THE EDITOR
(Smiling and inwardly serene): Indeed! And what would I be doing? You might infer that I'm fairly quick on the drop.

McMURDEN
Yes, but I'll get you, next time!

THE EDITOR
Maybe so! I'll take a chance. (Still keeping the pistol leveled): What's your grievance?

McMURDEN
(Slightly less violent): Here! (Reading) What dy'e mean by saying my nails have grown so long and prehensile since I've been in the council that I might easily be mistaken for a Chinese mandarin?

THE EDITOR
(Laughing grimly): That is a figure of speech, Mr. Councilman. A bit of airy persiflage indicating that you haven't overlooked any opportunities to make hay in the sunshine.

McMURDEN
(Vociferously): I defy any man to prove that I've made a dollar dishonestly!

THE EDITOR
O, nobody charges that. Let me see! You're in the lumber business, I believe, Mr. McMurdén?

McMURDEN
I am!

THE EDITOR
You've had a pretty good year, haven't you? I am told your business this season has quadrupled compared with that of last year. Is that correct?

McMURDEN
(Uneasily): I guess so.

THE EDITOR
(Insinuatingly): You weren't a member of the city council last year, were you?

McMURDEN
(Firing up): What are you driving at?

THE EDITOR
(Decisively): I'll tell you! The records show that on every question coming before the council in which the street railway interests were involved your vote was with the corporation.

McMURDEN
(Sulkily): I gave 'em a square deal, that was all!

THE EDITOR
(Impatiently): I don't doubt it! But the corporations are not ungrateful. That was a fairly profitable contract your firm received to furnish the lumber for the grandstand in the Hippodrome, out on the west side, backed by the street railway, wasn't it?

McMURDEN
(Eagerly): We were the lowest bidders!

THE EDITOR
(Sarcastically): O, of course! And you also supplied the lumber for the mile or so of sixteen-foot fencing, the motordrome and at the race-track! Am I right?

McMURDEN
(Sullenly): Well, what of it?

THE EDITOR
Corporations are not unmindful of their friends. One good turn deserves another, you know. It all goes to prove that my article was not far off when it stated that your fingers were exhibiting marked prehensile qualities. See here, Mr. McMurdén, I have not charged you with being a crook, but I do assert that you have not guarded sufficiently the people's rights, and the reason therefor I think I have made clear. (Tosses the derringer into the drawer.) Now, then, you must expect rough criticism if you continue to play favorites in the way you have. Do your duty fairly by both sides and you'll get treatment in kind. You're in luck to be let off so leniently.

McMURDEN
(In subdued tone): I believed the corporations were entitled to all that I gave them.

THE EDITOR
(Waving his hand deprecatingly): O, yes, and they believed in reciprocity! But I would not be a candidate for reelection, if I were you.

McMURDEN
Why not?

THE EDITOR
Because your family will not like the sort of publicity you must expect in that event. You have two boys in high school, I understand, and a daughter at the State Normal. For their sakes either change your tactics or retire from public life. Your business can hardly spare you, Mr. McMurdén.

McMURDEN
(Twisting the paper in his hands): Say, you newspapermen are the limit! I came up here determined to smash in your face and here I am meekly listening to a curtain lecture!

THE EDITOR
(Laughing): No, I am simply telling you a few plain truths.

McMURDEN
(Reflectively): I think I have had enough of the council, anyway. It really takes more of my time than I can spare from my business.

THE EDITOR
(Quickly): Let me announce that tomorrow!

McMURDEN
(Dubiously): It'll look as if I admitted all you said, won't it?

THE EDITOR
(Suavely): Not if I put it diplomatically.

McMURDEN
(Slowly): Well! (Untwists his paper, stands irresolutely for a minute, then puts out his hand.) Will you shake?

THE EDITOR
No objection at all. Good night, Mr. McMurdén. I congratulate you on your wise decision.

(They shake hands across the table. McMurdén looking rather sheepish, slowly files out. As his heavy step is heard clumping along the hall, the editor picks up the derringer and squinting through the empty chambers, remarks:) You saved me a licking and the city the makings of a grafter. (Tosses it back into the drawer, rolls down his sleeves, puts on his coat, switches off the electric light, and follows his caller down the stairs.)

BUILDERS OF A WORLD

*Sped from the void a light—
The world was born;
Out of the world a cry—
And life was born;
Into the life a soul—
And man was born.
And yet was not creation done,
But just begun.*

Not his to dream in Eden's languid vale
With that fair mate; nor yet
To pass his stalwart years
In prayers, and sighs, and tears,
To that high God who did this life beget.
His to take up the tale—
Creation's tale—bequeathed him with his soul,
And seek a starlike goal,
Godset, immense and vast,
Serene above the blast.
And was this knowledge, then, an evil fruit,
That lifted man above the groping brute?

It was no perfect work he found,
When man first woke to destiny of toil—
But full of perils dread;
Yet, by his beacon led,
He learned to add the perils to his spoil.
The savage beasts around
He made to lend their strength
Unto his task, their skins his cloak,
Their flesh his food, until, at length,
This puny creature lorded over all—
A huge and mighty oak,
Defying any stroke
With which his stolid slaves might seek his fall.
The seven seas he sailed,
The rugged mountains scaled,
The lightnings harnessed, and the store
Of wealth, in caverns veiled,
He wrested from the rocks and ocean floor.
The whole wide world, this weakling man, alone,
Did survey, conquer, and did make his own.

So now, the youngest child of all the race
In Panama again has wrought,
And proved the joy to do
Of old, is ever new.
But is this triumph, bought
With blood and sweat, to have its little space
Of tinsel, puppet show,
And then be dedicate to common gain?
Did we cleave continents in twain
That, in the market place, a scratching pen
Might add another cipher to the row?
Then let Culebra's treacherous slides
Pour down; let Gatun's locks
Be shattered by the earthquakes; let the tides
In chaos heap the giant blocks
Of granite; let the jungle twine
O'er rusting engine and o'er fallen crane,
Until the raucous tropic laughter mocks
The pride of Goethals, as when a line
Of rotted wood and steel did once remain
To mark De Lesseps impotent design.
But did we blast this mighty stream in vain,
And shall its worth be told in loss and gain?

Not while man's soul
Still leaps at Conquest's call!
Sing we the deed, and not the ships that
crawl,
Gorged to the hatches, sluggish, through the
gates
That we have opened; but upon the scroll
Of good and ill, that at the Judgment waits
To make accounting of how man has held
His stewardship, let this be now set down—
Creation's latest deed of high renown,
The Orient and the Occident to weld.
This, then, our pride—we shout it to the Sun,
And celebrate with drum and trumpet blare,
And dedicate with mighty, upflung prayer
To the Great Builder, in whose strength 'tis
done.

*Again has man his destiny fulfilled,
As the creator his Creator willed.*

—RANDOLPH BARTLETT

By the Way



Wyoming Vigilante Days Recalled

Notable among the interesting men of the country now foregathered in Pasadena is Henry A. Blair, whose brilliant administration of the Chicago street railways evolved order out of chaos and gave to the bondholders a sense of security that had long been absent. Through Mr. Blair's personal acquaintance with the moneyed interests of New York, whose confidence he signally enjoys, he was able to influence the transfer of more than one hundred millions of dollars from New York to Chicago, which huge sum has been devoted to the upbuilding of the surface railways of that city in which the municipality has a partnership interest. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Blair reaches back almost to the Chicago fire, but it was in peculiar circumstances that we came into close touch. Back in 1892, when I was on the staff of the Chicago Herald, I was sent out to Wyoming to get into intimate reportorial relations with the leaders of a band of vigilantes then forming to discipline the cattle-rustlers that infested the northern counties of the state. Mr. Blair was largely interested in the cattle business in that region and was in attendance at the annual meeting of the cattle men's association at Cheyenne, where the movement to discourage cattle thieving had its origin. It was he who vouched for me to the leader of the vigilantes, and through his great kindness I was privileged to join and accompany the last band of vigilantes this country is ever likely to see on so large a scale. How I fared, what happened to the vigilantes, I long ago told in permanent book form, but what I would recall here is my meeting with Mr. Blair this week on Hill street after twenty-three years, for I had not seen him since we parted that eventful day back there in the hills of Wyoming. He is the same unobtrusive, kindly, fine-spirited man of the great achievements that are distinguishing traits of the Blair family and his grasp of the hand as we recalled those parlous days of April, 1892, was no whit less cordial for the quarter of a century disassociation.

Her Father's Own Daughter

Like father, like daughter! Miss Loraine Wyman, the talented and charming young balladist, whose rendition of French and English songs of old vintage has won her a host of friends and admirers in Los Angeles and Pasadena, has a penchant for collecting rarities that is an inherited trait. Her specialty is fine engravings and her collection is said to number many choice and rare specimens of the art. Her father's great fad was the collecting of prehistoric coppers and I can recall with what unctious he would caress a particularly old copper needle, covered with patina. It was a tear-fetching spectacle. One of his collections of coppers was purchased by the Field Museum at a fancy figure. Indian peace medals, Indian wampum and Indian blankets also attracted his avid desire. I remember on one occasion we examined a group of old Indian graves in Northern Michigan which the heavy rains had exposed, and in two of them we found unusual double crosses of sterling silver that had been buried with the Indian convert chiefs. The crosses were contemporary with Fathers Marquette and Joliet and so far as I could trace were made in Montreal in the seventeenth century. I still have my precious find which I have promised to show to Frank Miller of the Mission Inn, who has a double cross of Mexican make, but evidently a copy of the older ones of early missionary days.

Judge Trippet's Induction Speech

I would recommend to all judges, and attorneys as well, a careful perusal of the brief induction speech which was made by Judge Oscar Trippet upon assuming his duties as judge of the United States district court. After paying a high tribute to his predecessor, Judge Olin Wellborn, he defined concisely his ideal of a judge in these terms: "I consider that intellectual ability, honesty, patience and mercy are the chief attributes

of a good judge. The intellectual ability must include a masterful knowledge of the law. The honesty must not only be spiritual, controlling the life of the judge, but he must have a knowledge of the rules of conduct that should govern every man. His patience must be such that he will both listen and carefully consider. Mercy must always season justice." Surely, a man who approaches his duties with feelings such as these will prove a public servant of the highest value.

One of Canada's Brilliances

Among the brilliant women visiting Southern California this season is Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw of Vancouver, British Columbia, whose husband is a cousin of our own Judge Henshaw of the supreme bench. I believe their forbears settled in Virginia in the seventeenth century, but the Vancouver man's ancestors gaggled at the Declaration of Independence and moved over into Canada. Mr. Henshaw explains with a chuckle that the migration really accounts for the difference in bank balances between the American Henshaws and the Canadian branch. Mrs. Henshaw has been honored by election as fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, an unusual recognition for a woman. She is a botanist of high attainment, her book on the "Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada" having been accepted as a standard work on the subject. Friday night she gave an illustrated lecture at the Hotel Maryland on "Wild Flowers and Game of the Rocky Mountains" that I am certain was of great interest. From Pasadena she plans to go to San Diego where at the Coronado Hotel she will repeat the Maryland lecture or give another of the half dozen entertaining illustrated talks in her repertoire. The Friday Morning Club or the Ebells should endeavor to get a date with this talented woman.

Switched to California

That the coast is receiving the cream of the customary European winter travelers is evidenced by the fact that over at the Huntington are registered Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson and Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson of Chicago, who for the last fifteen years have been in the habit of crossing the Atlantic to enjoy the mild south-of-France and Italian climates. Mr. Ryerson is president of the board of trustees of the Chicago University and has been a liberal supporter of that institution, ranking next to Mr. Rockefeller, I believe. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. Hutchinson. Both have lived in Chicago for upward of half a century, were educated there and are most successful business men. I knew "Charley" Hutchinson years ago when I published a paper on the Chicago board of trade, of which he was later to become its president. He has been president of the Chicago Art Institute for the last twenty-five years and is an art connoisseur of high standing. California is glad to attract men of such ability and artistic worth.

Noted Woman Artist Here

Out at the charming Freeman home at Hillcrest, Oak Knoll, is visiting the talented artist, Alice Beach Winter, who accompanied Miss Helen Freeman to the coast from New York recently. Last Sunday afternoon I was privileged to see a score or more of Mrs. Winter's canvases and I urge every lover of good coloring to make an effort to see her work when she exhibits at Mr. Kanst's gallery the last of the month. As a colorist Mrs. Winter ranks deservedly high. For beauty of composition, variety of treatment and charm of subject her work is surpassed by few. Her specialty is the painting of little children, with out-of-door environment, and the examples I saw are alluringly attractive. Mr. Winter, who could not be driven from his New York studio, also is an artist of great merit. His illustrations in black and white, in Collier's, treating of the labor titans of the great metropolis, reveal his bold grasp and sense of dramatic values as well as his fine artistic spirit.

Baumgardt Is Under Suspicion

B. R. Baumgardt has been lecturing in New York before the American Geographical Society, and, apparently, saying a few complimentary things about the Kaiser and his people, for the Evening Post prints this protest from a member of the society: "When he attributed the genius of Shakespeare to his German descent, and the genius of Dante to his German mother, it seemed to many of us that his pro-German enthusiasm was leading him along slippery paths. And in the development of his theme, when it appeared that the Kaiser was the greatest man on earth; that Germany's lack of seaports justified her war measures 'in the sight of evolution,' that the

Germans were, and had ever been, the torchbearers of efficiency, science, art, and humanity over and above all others, it seemed gradually to dawn on the mass of the audience that possibly the American Geographical Society had been duped into the position of a tool of the German propaganda in America. I wonder!"

Final Argument Against Jitneys

Bruce Bliven, lecturer on journalism and drama in various institutions of learning, has discovered the final argument against the jitney bus. It happens that Mrs. Bliven writes shorthand, and one morning recently, on the way down town in a street car, she wrote, at Mr. Bliven's dictation, half of an article on a phase of business life her husband had encountered before he abandoned the commercial field for the scholastic, and going home at night the article was completed. That was all the time Mr. Bliven himself devoted to the article, and he sold it to System for \$40. Getting \$20 a ride for using street cars is high remuneration, and, as B. O. says, "You couldn't have done it on a jitney bus."

Go Ye and Do Likewise

For the benefit of one or two friends whose names I will not mention—at least not yet—I take considerable pleasure in quoting the following from a letter I have just received from one of the leaders of industrial affairs of Los Angeles: "I am in receipt of your bill for three years' subscription for The Graphic. This has escaped my attention in some way, which is not unusual, but it is surely unusual to find a newspaper man who can give a subscriber three years' time without continually hounding him for the money. A man financially able to do this should leave off the strenuous life of an editor, buy himself a coupon cutting machine and take life easy, but it seems to me that you stay in business for the same reason that I do, you like the game. Herewith cheque for the amount of your bill."

Judge York Was Misquoted

Another case of sacrificing the truth to the picturesque comes to light. Two weeks ago I commented upon the fact that Judge York was quoted in the Examiner as saying, concerning the Los Angeles Investment Company litigation before him: "This is a novel case, and as I apprehend that it will be appealed in any event, I want my rulings I may decide to hand down to amount to something." I questioned the accuracy of the report at that time and now find that what Judge York really said was this, as the court records show: "I want to have the pleading in this action in such shape so that any decision which is handed down by the supreme court will amount to something. If the supreme court considers your special demurrer, your case will go off on a technicality; will see-saw between this court and the supreme court, and we will never get anywhere. So in drawing your amended petition, meet the points raised in the special demurrer so that if I have committed an error, their decision will be a guide to us." In other words, instead of trying to protect his reputation by extraordinary care, he was endeavoring to advise the attorneys in order to make the issue clear, not for his sake, but to protect the litigants from a long and costly series of appeals—a most laudable course. Thus are public men at the mercy of newspaper carelessness.

Col. Lankershim's Proud Day

Although it is a decade since the Lankershim was completed, I feel confident that a greater sensation of pride and satisfaction came to Colonel "Jim" last Wednesday, than when the original opening took place. In the last few months he has expended upward of a hundred thousand dollars in changing things around, and bringing others down-to-date until he succeeded in rearranging his fine property to suit his ideas of the artistic and convenient. With a new kitchen and down-to-date cafe under the command of Maitre d'Hotel P. B. Lieble, formerly associated with noted European hotels, and with many other alterations, Col. Lankershim is beaming these days, and certainly is to be congratulated upon the success of his new regime of direct control.

Exposition Poetry and Discrimination

One of the greatest things the Panama-Pacific Exposition has done for California is to inspire poetry, and likewise to disseminate such. The 700,000,000,000 Boosters' Club \$500 prize song was born out of season, or, doubtless, it would have been awarded the honors which have just

been bestowed, I understand, on a lyric by Frederick V. Bowers. Mr. Bowers sang his poem to his own music at the Orpheum a few weeks ago, and now it is reported that the Exposition has ordered 200,000 copies of it for distribution in the east. I don't believe I can say, conscientiously, that it is quite so good as the Boosters' Club Ode, but as that epic is well known, I will simply reproduce the chorus of Mr. Bowers flight, and you can judge for yourself:

At the Fair of 1915, which we all will celebrate,
All the world will come a-running, crowding
through the Golden Gate.
Then we'll have our state so beautiful,
California beyond compare,
Come on, we'll meet you, greet you, treat you
At the 1915 Fair.

Mr. Bowers sings his chorus fortissimo, and covers up the rather uncertain rhythm of that line, "California beyond compare," by introducing a barber shop minor with tremendous effect. For originality of conception, this is quite the peer of the Boosters' Club Ode, but it does not contain nearly so much information about soil, products and train schedules. It looks to me like another clear case of discriminating against the southern end of the state, for the fair authorities to buy Mr. Bowers' song in preference to ours.

One Cause for Joy

There is one thing about Councilman Whiffen's determination to stay in the race for mayor that is cause for joy—it will get him out of the city council for keeps. The political burial of the Whiffenpoofs' head is at hand.

Memorial For John Muir

"We seem to do them wrong," Lowell wrote, "bringing our robin's leaf to deck their hearse, who, in warm life-blood, wrote their nobler verse." There has been proposed to the state legislature, an appropriate memorial to the late John Muir. The idea is worthy, but in what form can California adequately express her debt to this man? Whatever may be erected in the form of a monument, will be insignificant beside the cathedral aisles of the Muir Woods. Yet there should be a substantial recognition by the state of this great man's life and his meaning to California, and simply because we find it difficult to conceive what form this should take, we should not evade the problem. All possible pressure should be brought upon the legislature to place the project in the hands of men who have the imagination to carry it out, and not to stint the funds.

Poking Fun at the Posters

When the old-fashioned melodrama went out of existence for good and all, the lithographing concerns evidently had a large supply of posters still on hand. I suspect that samples of these were sent to certain of the "don't give a darn for our reputation" moving picture companies, and scenarios were built around them, so as to get a good supply of advertising material cheap. In any event, this is the suggestion one receives from a trip up and down Main street inspecting the pictures in front of the silent drama temples. A correspondent has been impressed (or depressed) by the fact, and writes thus:

"In the name of humanity, and speaking as a constant reader and paterfamilias, I wish to take my pen in hand to venture a suggestion. The street car which carries me to my domicile passes down North Main street; and each day I am forced to look upon the banners of the moving picture shows and to realize sadly that once again a noble band of young men and women have passed to the land of shadows in order to catch upon the fleeting celluloid the epic of their going that we may sit in Olympian state and see. Today it is a noble heroine with plenty of hair, foolishly trying to ride a horse upside down in the atmosphere, both having stepped out of an exploding balloon; tomorrow an aged father with patriarchal whiskers hangs over the edge of a cliff, supported by his long beard, tied to a tree limb, while the villain (who was once a barber) cuts through the strands one by one. Obviously no one could act in one of these dramas and come out alive. The waste of humanity must be terrific; and it is a great pity; especially if, as I think, their hair is all their own.

"Nearly every night I read in the Herald (my nerves are not very strong and I cannot read the Express) of condemned murderers going to the magnetic chair at San Quentin, leaving their widows and children without any support. This is unjust. Now the salaries of moving picture actors are exceedingly great. I know this is so, for a press agent told me. Nearly everyone gets \$1,000 (dollars) a week. Others get \$500 (dollars)

a week, but they do this at their own request, against the manager's wishes, and only because it is so hard to spend \$1000 (dollars) a week in Los Angeles where everything is so inexpensive except when Dr. Jesse D. Burks is looking.

"So it seems to me that the panacea is to be found in this suggestion: When a man has been condemned, instead of hanging him in an in-artistic and inaccessible manner at San Quentin, why not allow him to sign a contract with a moving picture company to enact the title role in a picture where the hero finds it convenient to function in the astral at the end of the film? The proceeds could be given to his wife or wives, and she or they could live comfortably forever after. In order to have the expiration artistic, a detective could play the part of the doer of the deed in the film drama. Detectives love to kill people, and then stroke their (own) mustaches. And the c.m.'s ought to make good actors. See how great Jacques Joplin is! To be properly done, of course, the film stories would have to be adapted to the personalities of the men featured. The traveling man who returns home unexpectedly and finds it necessary to kill some people would play 'Enoch Arden.' The wife murderer should do 'Bluebeard' in the Gordon Craig manner. 'Salome' would be a splendid vehicle for the man who shot a dancing girl. And if they continue to send 17-year-old boys to the chair, we ought soon to be able to do the sacrifice of the children from 'Cabiria' in good shape. Besides, think of the stuff the press agents could put over!"

From Sara to Sam

Sara Teasdale's lyrical verse has won for her so prominent a position among the minor poets that it is a bit surprising to find her "Night Song at Amalfi," reproduced in the Express, signed "Sam Teasdale."

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

IDEAL spring weather for the last ten days has provided the requisite lure to the Exposition grounds, and the daily average attendance has shown a marked increase. Last Friday, the fourteenth day since the opening, the total attendance passed the million mark. The event was promptly signalized by Lincoln Beachey, who with one of his daring perpendicular drops and six consecutive loops scrolled the score in the sky.

Postponement of the Vanderbilt Cup race only whetted the enthusiasm of the multitude anxious to witness the daring of the speed demons. And there was no lack of thrills for the 131,000 spectators, Saturday. The most sensational upset was that of Bob Burman's car. It made a somersault twenty feet in the air, throwing the driver onto hospitable bales of hay. Burman escaped with flesh wounds, but his mechanic, Joe Cleary, was pinned under the car, with fractured ribs and thigh. Two other drivers had narrow escapes. Tom Alley lost control of his car, and it tore through a wire fence. It plunged for fifty yards toward a crowd of spectators before it was halted. Edward O'Donnell and his mechanic were rescued from under their upset car, but had miraculously escaped without injury. The car was a wreck, and the spectators experienced almost as much excitement as if both men had been hurled into eternity.

Onlookers themselves incurred a few casualties. C. S. Cushing was hit by a tire which flew from a passing racing car and fractured his skull. Two other accidents were due to the enterprise of spectators who sought unsafe viewpoints, but a broken arm and wrists comprised their damages.

Young Dario Resta, the Anglo-Italian, who won both the Vanderbilt Cup and the Grand Prix, took his honors very modestly. "It is all luck, you know," he said, "or else I couldn't have won again." Our old friend, Barney Oldfield, cigar and all, finished seventh.

It will be interesting to see what effect the Exposition obsession has upon the charter amendment election next Tuesday. No fewer than thirty-six propositions are submitted, but as yet the average citizen seems to have taken little notice of them. The first amendment, however, is of serious import. Briefly, unless it is adopted, the city will have no money on hand to pay for anything. It does not increase taxation, but makes the present tax rates legal, a ratification made necessary by a decision of the supreme court.

But there are a number of other amendments, the protrusion of which looks as if there was an

attempt to "put one over" the community whose attention at present is concentrated elsewhere. The third amendment proposes to repeal the law which provides that contracts must be let to the lowest bidder. In effect, it would authorize the supervisors to pay ten per cent more for articles made in San Francisco than for those of the same quality made elsewhere. Again, the supreme court recently decided that the supervisors could not insist upon the label of the Allied Printing Trades upon all city printing. Voters are now asked to authorize this insistence.

All along the line, too, there is the apparent desire to increase salaries and expenditure. A large increase in the police department and in salaries is proposed.

As soon as the charter amendment election is over there will be another municipal problem to ponder, for next month San Francisco will once more be asked to bond herself for the purchase of the Spring Valley Water Company. The purchase price this time is in the neighborhood of \$34,000,000.

Your enterprising fellow-townsmen, Sparks Berry, has been playing in hard luck here. In the National Grand Opera Company he had an organization which, under normal conditions, would have caused a furore in San Francisco. Its original date of opening at the Cort was cancelled, and the engagement was transferred to the Gaiety, where music-lovers have not been accustomed to look for grand opera. After a brilliant opening with Constantino in "Rigoletto," the competition of the Exposition proved too strong and business was so poor that the management decided to close the season Sunday night.

Both the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic concluded very successful seasons last week, though the latter organization repeated its mistake of attempting such music in the Civic Auditorium. There are certain portions of this magnificent building in which one can escape the disconcerting echo, but to enjoy the music from the body of the auditorium the latter must be well filled. As it takes 8,000 people to fill the auditorium, the present risk is too great.

Excellence of band music and its profusion form one of the most alluring attractions of the Fair grounds. To the bands is now added the Exposition Orchestra which gave its first formal concert in Festival Hall Sunday afternoon. Under the skilful baton of Max Bendix, the eighty musicians are being drilled into superb organization. The orchestra is finely balanced in every choir, and includes many soloists of high rank. It may be heard every day at the Old Faithful Inn.

Hon. George C. Perkins was permitted to retire from public service last week in a remarkable burst of silence on the part of the California press. The truth is that the valiant aid he invariably rendered his state in his twenty years' senatorship in Washington has been for the moment rudely overlooked. A brief dispatch recording the grateful fact that the reporters of the Congressional Record had honored him with a vote of thanks, expressing their admiration of "his high intelligence and indomitable industry," memorialized the "regrets." Senator Perkins worked quietly but none the less effectively. It is curious in these piping days of "direct legislation" to recall the fact that on several occasions Mr. Perkins, although now classified as a hopeless "reactionary" and a relic of a bygone political age, insisted that his vote in the senate be determined by the action of the legislature. His assiduous devotion to California's interests, and most notably his championship of the fruit industry, deserves more gratitude.

Mayor Mott has so long presided over Oakland's municipal affairs that there has been an unusual dearth of candidates anxious to succeed him. In the announcement of the candidacy of Fred Stratton, however, a first rate man is assured. Stratton's long service with the federal government in the customs proved his executive ability, and the large vote he polled as a candidate for the court of appeals demonstrated his popularity.

Life membership in the San Francisco Press Club, valued at \$250, was an additional prize for the winner of the Vanderbilt Cup race. The Press Club explained that it "recognizes the fact that to attempt to break the speed record the drivers must take the wildest chances with death, and the membership was really offered for bravery rather than skill in driving." San Francisco, March 9. R. H. C.

Cheaters

CATALOGUING the attractions of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1914 in the order of merit they run about thus: Ed Wynn, Leon Errol, Bert Williams the black and white scenic effect in the second part, one or two costumes, the dancing, the music. There have been few shows seen in Los Angeles in which so much money has been spent so ineffectively on the clothes, but that is the Ziegfeld idea—not to create a single idea at any point, either as to stage picture or anything else, but to splash color and motion in constant changes. For example, in the black and white scene mentioned, Mr. Ziegfeld was about to do a bit of unique and impressionistic work, but proceeded to spoil it all by running in half a dozen variously col-

a tie between Jim Morton and Charley Chase as to which had made me laugh the harder, but the deadlock has been broken, and Wynn wins. "Rewolower is wrong" looks like an inane sort of a phrase to make an ordinarily calm person lean back against his neatly folded overcoat and gasp for breath, but after it has been repeated several times by Wynn, and at the end he shouts—"Pistol—that's what I was trying to think of," the limit in inexplicable mirth is reached. This is simply told here to prove a cosmic truth—true humor cannot be analyzed. Anyone not paralyzed can scratch the top of his head with his middle finger, but there are few who can make twelve hundred persons laugh themselves half sick by doing it.



MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, TO SING AT TRINITY

ored gowns, which made the result heterogeneous. Still, the final test of entertainment of this sort resolves itself into a demand for good dancing, catchy music fairly well sung, comedy and a display of as much of the feminine form as the censors will permit. The dancing is negligible, excepting for the few appearances of a little, lithe person, whose name it was impossible to extricate from the galaxy which made up the program. None of the songs remains in the memory, and there is not a real singing voice in the company. It is upon reaching the comedy department that the time arrives for an entirely new paragraph.

Remember Ed Wynn and his Hat? He still has the Hat, but has added largely to his former repertoire of vaudeville ideas. It had always been

That is the reason Wynn is a comedian. It is not the reason Leon Errol is a comedian, however. He is the master of grotesqueries. You laugh at him for the same reason that you do when you see a man slip and fall on a banana peel. Bert Williams is funny principally because he has the reputation, for his material is not up to the mark, but the cumulative effect of his previous achievements keeps his audience hypnotized into laughter; and after all, it is the end, and not the means, that counts.

Comes now what is, possibly, the most important part of the show—the display of the limbs and shoulders of the attractive women who form about ninety-five percent of the Follies company. There are various classes of males who will approve highly the fare provided: callow

TRINITY AUDITORIUM

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LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Herr Adolf Tandler, Director

MR. AND MRS. THILO BECKER

AND AXEL SIMONSEN, Soloists

FIFTH CONCERT—EIGHTEENTH SEASON

Friday Afternoon, March 19, at 3 o'clock.

Saturday Evening, March 20, at 8:30 o'clock

Tickets, 25c to \$1.50.

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THURS. MAT. MARCH 18

3:30 o'clock

Mme. Schumann-Heink

THE PEERLESS CONTRALTO

Tickets \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

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Matinees Wednesday
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SECOND WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, MARCH 15

Ziegfeld Follies

First Presentation Here in 4 Years

WORLD'S BIGGEST AND BEST

Greatest Cast Ever Assembled. 100 Ziegfeld Broadway Beauties—100.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street
Near Sixth

SECOND WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, MARCH 8

JANE COWL

Supported by Orme Caldara and the Burbank Co. in

"WITHIN THE LAW"

Notwithstanding the fact that this play costs \$1500.00 each week for royalty and that Miss Cowl has never appeared at less than \$2.00 prices the regular Burbank schedule will remain in effect. Evenings, 25-50-75c; Mats.: Thurs., Sat., Sun., 25-50c.



THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50 75c. boxes \$1.

Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50c, boxes 75c.

Saturday and Holiday Mats. Night Prices

RIGOLETTO BROTHERS, EDWIN STEVENS & TINA MARSHALL, CREIGHTON BROS. & BELMONT, "Mudtown Minstrels;" HUGH HERBERT & CO., "The Sons of Abraham;" MIJARES, Wire Walker; ALEXANDER MACFAYDEN, Pianist; Last Week, W. HORELIK ENSEMBLE, in "Gypsy Camp; Symphony Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m. Pathe Twice a Week News Views.

Pantages

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, March 15
Matinee 2:30 Every Day—Nights 7:10 and 9:00
10c — 20c — 30c

8 ACTS

PROGRAM
CHANGES
MONDAY

Whitney-McIntyre Present

Margaret Whitney's New Music-Comedy

"The Wrong Bird"

OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION

The Mission Play by J. S. McGroarty

Performances every afternoon at 2:30; Wed. and Sat. evenings at 8:15. Tickets on sale Information Bureau P. E. Station, Sixth and Main. Phones Bdwy. 6378, Home F 1230. PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00.

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Junction of Spring and Main at Ninth
Just a block from Broadway

SECOND BIG WEEK STARTS MONDAY

THEDA BARA, NANCE O'NEIL, WILLIAN SHAY in "Kreutzer Sonata"

Eleventh episode of "The Exploits of Elaine"

youths, cigar stand Romeos, saloon raconteurs, tired business men (tired of their wives), Al Levy (business reasons only), taxicab proprietors (ditto), men in their second childhood. For the barbarian and the artist, (and true civilization is made up mostly of these two classes), there is neither revelation nor revulsion, but simply surprise that so many people can be so deeply interested in what they always have known to exist, when it is presented in a "Now you see me, now you don't" manner. Even at that, there were murmurs of disapprobation heard on all hands, that the costumes were too ample. And the Moulin Rouge burned down recently, too! It grows increasingly difficult to be shocked as one would like.

R. B.

Apotheosis of Melodrama

"Within the Law" is not a great drama but it is a bully play, and with

bank players to have brought into their midst such an inspiring individual. The round of stock performances grows deadly dull to the company. The Burbank forces, better than almost any other organization of the kind, have acquired the faculty of concealing this mechanical condition, which grows out of the necessity of mastering one part while playing another. Whatever salary Mr. Morosco pays Miss Cowl would be a good investment just for the reaction which she brings to the regular members of the company. Forrest Stanley is always dependable, but there is an added spirit to his work. Thomas McLarnie, Louis Bennison, Beatrice Nichols, Walter Catlett, Josephine Bumiller, Orme Caldera—all reflect Miss Cowl's genius in no uncertain manner. It is the best performance the Burbank company has given in months, if not in years. The play is well known, the story of the revenge taken by a shop-



JANE COWL, WHO IS STARRING AT THE BURBANK

the charming Jane Cowl keying the Burbank stock company up to a pitch of excellence such as it, probably, never has reached in the entire history of that theater, this week's entertainment at Mr. Morosco's playhouse is well high ideal. Jane Cowl is a real person. When actors seek to interpret their roles in a purely naturalistic manner, the result is often extremely flat, because there is not, behind the subdued expression, the individuality needed to suggest reserve force or depth of character. It is the difference between the tone of the xylophone and that of the violin—sound versus meaning. Miss Cowl is a violin among actresses. Sensitive to a degree to the varying shades of mood which the role contains, her entire personality delicately and yet with sustained power, gives forth almost in musical terms the ideas and sentiments of the situations. To do this, and to maintain such perfect poise and repose is the acme of the art of the theater. It must be a joy to the Bur-

girl for persecution by her employer—a favorite theme these days, and as untrue to life as its fellows, but none the less entertaining.

Staple Vaudeville at Orpheum

This week's bill at the Orpheum—so far as the newcomers are concerned—is one of those home-cooking affairs, the bread and butter of the business. It is not high art transplanted into the vaudeville theater, nor low art elevated thereto, but simply typical vaudeville of good quality. Rae Eleanor Ball plays the violin particularly well, but not well enough to have won a place in vaudeville if she had not known how to make her charming self felt across the footlights. Louis London has a good baritone voice, but not good enough to have found favor with Martin Beck had he not known how to vary his singing with costumery and other embellishments. Charlie Grapewin and Anna Chance have a good sketch, "In

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3-Act Student Dramatization, Staged by Student Co.

For Boyle Heights Entre Nous Club and club friends.

Monday, Mar. 15

8:15 p. m.

Admission 25c

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATRE

BROADWAY
NEAR NINTH

NEXT WEEK BEGINNING MARCH 15, SELWYN & CO'S.

UNDER COVER

With

H. B. WARNER

Original Chicago cast, including Isabel Irving, Rita Stanwood, Frank Kingdon, Wm. Courtleigh, Jr. Seats on sale Thursday.

The Greatest Cabaret
ever offered in any Cafe

CAFE
BRISTOL

Poughkeepsie," but traveling man comedy is rather passe except that Mr. Grapewin is a clever comedian, and so he "belongs" at the Orpheum. The W. Horelik Ensemble (sounds like a new egg drink at the soda fountain) presents dances they label gypsy but which seem more like Russian, and are liked principally for their boisterous qualities. Ernie is a one-legged dancer—or at least one leg and a crutch, and his act is highly decorated by the presence of a young woman. Mlle. Maryon Vadie and her lovely dancing act, the Cranes with their ball-room steps, and Milt Collins with a new monologue, complete the show. There are four dancing acts on the bill, but all so different that you hardly realize it until you count them over.

Second Week of Follies

Second week of "The Ziegfeld Follies," the one big bright girl show of this season, begins Monday evening. It was evident from the opening of the engagement that a further extension would be demanded, as at no performance has the capacity of the theatre been adequate to care for the crowds seeking admission. Canceling the one night stands, the management arranged for the continuance of "The Follies" through the coming week. The regular matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. Following the "Follies," the famous New York success, "Potash and Perlmutter" will come, and seats for that attraction will go on sale next Thursday.

Surprises at the Majestic

Thrills and surprises galore will be in order at the Majestic Theater during the week beginning Monday night, when "Under Cover," one of the big successes of the season, plays there. This play, by Roi Cooper Megrue, is an unusual one. While it is melodrama, it is not to be confounded with the older type of play of that class. It is more of the drawing room variety, yet filled to the top and brimming over with thrills, laughs, love, mystery and surprises, the last named being the strongest of all these elements. It is plausible in the working out of its story. An old favorite of

this city, H. B. Warner, former star of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," will be seen in the principal role. He will be supported by Rita Stanwood, Isabel Irving, Frank Kingdon, William Courtleigh, Jr., and others.

Shumann-Heink to Sing at Trinity

No news more welcome than that telling of the complete recovery of Mme. Schumann-Heink has been read in many a long day. She returns to the concert and operatic platform for only four events, but will take up her regular concert tour again next season. These four events are, first her only concert appearance on the Pacific Coast at Trinity Auditorium next Thursday afternoon, March 18, at 3:30. She will be a guest in San Francisco of the Mayor and the Music Committee of the Exposition at Festival Hall the following week. She will sing at the splendid Wagner celebration arranged at Harvard in which the most elaborate presentation of "Siegfried" that has yet been given to the musical world will be presented. She is also the soloist at the Brooklyn Saengerfest in June. Her new program is a carefully arranged one, including both classical and modern compositions, as follows: My Heart ever Faithful (Bach), Ich Liebe Dich (Beethoven), Spring Aria (from "Samson and Delila") (Saint-Saens), Arioso from "The Prophet" (Meyerbeer), Traume (Wagner), Die Forelle and Erlkonig (Schubert), Traumdurch die Dämmerung (Richard Strauss), Heimweh (Hugo Wolff), Mutter an der Wiege (Carl Loewe), Spinnerliedchen (Reiman Collection, 17th Century), Dawn in the Desert (Gertrude Ross), Cry of Rachel (M. T. Salter), Irish Folksongs (Arthur Foote), Dawn in the Forest (Landon Ronald), Good Morning, Sue (L. Delibes).

Symphony Request Program

For the symphony concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, the numbers which were selected by popular vote at the last concert will be played. These are Schubert's popular "Unfinished Symphony" with its wealth of melodic charm, and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" prelude. In addition, the Beethoven

triple concerto for piano, violin and cello, with Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker and Axel Simonsen as the soloists, will be given. It is expected that this pair of concerts will attract the largest crowds of the entire symphony season thus far, since the program consists so largely of compositions which the public itself has chosen by referendum.

Jane Cowl's Success

Jane Cowl has met with the instant approval of Los Angeles audiences in her greatest success, "Within the Law," at the Burbank. So great has been the success of the play that it will be repeated during the coming week. Miss Cowl played "Within the Law" in New York for two years. The Burbank Company is giving excellent and adequate support.

From Salt Lake to Pantages

Salt Lake City is large on the local vaudeville map next week, with one of its prominent society buds presenting a musical comedy of her own, at Pantages, and a chorus of ten of the prettiest of the little Mormons in the cast. "The Wrong Bird" is the title of the playlet, and Margaret Whitney is the author and composer. This is not Miss Whitney's first effort, but it is her first big vaudeville success. It is a musical comedy with a real plot, genuine humor, new and unhackneyed comedy, and the cast is effective. Balaban the Mystery is the added attraction of the week. "Who is Balaban?" demands Manager Walker in his announcements, and anyone who can may answer. There is no penalty for guessing wrong. Cross-fire comedy is contributed by Paul Nevins and Ruby Erwood in the roles of "The Coal Man and the Maid," a dusky romance. Argo, harpist, will demonstrate that this instrument of classic music is equally adapted to the joyous ragtime and the festive tango music. Cummins and Seaham, two acrobatic comedians of English music hall fame, are also listed. The new dramatic comedy by Harry Girard, promised last week, will be a feature of this week's show. The act, entitled "Service," is presented by Harry Cornell, Ethel Corley and company.

Orpheum's Four Headliners

Rather unusual is the new Orpheum bill opening Monday matinee, March 15, in that, owing to a congestion of big acts here, it will not only have a split headline, but there is a feature act as well, no fewer than four of the acts being of the topline quality and holding that place elsewhere. Rigoletto brothers are the most versatile pair in vaudeville, mimics, instrumentalists, plastic poseurs, jugglers, Chinese illusionists, acrobats, and aerial gymnasts. Edwin Stevens, also noted for his versatility, having won success in drama, opera and vaudeville, is as usual accompanied by Miss Tina Marshall. He appears in "The Awakening of the Devil," a series of three complete little sketches. The feature act of the bill is Hugh Herbert and company, in "The Sons of Abraham," a worthy successor to "The Son of Solomon," which he last played here. It is a true bit of Hebraic family life. Creighton Bros. & Belmont, in "The Mudtown Minstrels," will depict three types of ancient rubes, and draw their characteristics truly and humorously. Mijares is the best of wire walkers. Alexander MacFayden, a pianist of note, heard here before, will play classic and popular numbers. The only holdover is the big Horelik ensemble of whirlwind dancers. There will be the usual fine orchestral concert and the Pathe twice a week views.

"Bought and Paid For"

Boyle Heights Entre Nous club members and their friends are especially interested in the coming production of "Bought and Paid For," a student version of the famous play of the same name, which will be staged March 15 in Gamut club theater by a

student company of Wallis School of Dramatic Art. Especially so since a share in the receipts of the performance is to be added to their clubhouse building fund, and from the fact that this is the second occasion of this character, in addition to many friendly visits from Wallis entertainers at club meetings in the year. The cast for this interesting three-act comedy-drama is composed of more advanced pupils who have become favorites with Wallis school audiences, by reason of their intelligent and pleasing work. Those who will interpret the roles are Ed Wilhite as Robert Stafford, a wealthy financier; Reginald Street as Jimmy Gillie, a poor shipping clerk; Ambrose Bonfield as Oku, a Japanese servant; Dorothy White as Fannie Blane, Jimmie's fiancée; Frances Shelt as Josephine, a maid, and Jessica Dixon as Virginia Blane, a stenographer and a partner in the "commercial transaction."

"Kreutzer Sonata" Remains

Theda Bara, the most talked of woman in motion pictures, has proved such a sensation at Miller's this week in another "vampire woman" characterization that it has been found necessary to hold the "Kreutzer Sonata" one more week in order to give the thousands who were unable to obtain seats, one more chance to see Tolstoy's masterpiece. Supporting Miss Bara is a fine cast which includes the great emotional actress, Nance O'Neill, who gives a performance of the wronged wife, who in the end takes a terrible revenge for the insults and injuries heaped upon her, and William Shay, who portrays with brilliant force the character of Gregor, the violinist who is lured to his ruin. The picture was made by Director Herbert Brenon, one of the country's greatest picture makers. The added offering is the eleventh and latest of the "Exploits of Elaine"

stories. Shows begin at 11 a. m., 12:45, 2:30, 4:15, 6:00, 7:45 and 9:30 p. m.

Benefit For Scripps Home

As a benefit for the William A. Scripps Home for Aged People in Altadena, the directors have arranged for a concert in the Pasadena High School Auditorium the evening of March 19. The program will be given by Ellen Beach Yaw, soprano, Jay Plowe, flautist of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Mary Keeler Newman, pianist. The ticket sale will begin March 15 at Jarvis and Prinz and the seats will be fifty cents and one dollar. Representative women of Pasadena will act as patronesses for the affair. Mrs. William Franklin Knight is president of the Home, and other officers associated with her are Mrs. J. Dawson Thomson, Mrs. F. W. Kellogg, vice-presidents, Mrs. Henry Vilas, secretary, Mr. C. C. Clark, corresponding secretary and Paul Hutchinson, treasurer.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In re Application for Dissolution of Coombs Investment Company, a corporation.

Notice is hereby given, that the Coombs Investment Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has presented to the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, a petition praying to be allowed to disincorporate and dissolve, and that the 19th day of April, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time, and the Court room of Dept. 10 of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of



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Los Angeles, this 10th day of March, 1915.

(Seal) H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.
By F. J. Adams, Deputy Clerk.
Muhleman, Crump & Williams, Attorneys for Petitioner.

Social & Personal

IN honor of Miss Daphne Drake and Mr. Sayre Macneil, whose betrothal was announced recently, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Adams, whose own wedding was a recent event of interest to society, entertained Thursday evening with a dinner party. The affair was given at the James H. Adams home, 21 Chester place, where young Mr. Morgan and his bride are domiciled for the present, and Mrs. James H. Adams was a hostess with her son and daughter-in-law. The decorations were suggestive of St. Patrick's day, the color scheme being carried out in pink and green. Places at the table were arranged for twenty-four guests and following the dinner, dancing and cards were enjoyed. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. James H. Adams and Mrs. Morgan Adams entertained with a charmingly appointed luncheon, given in honor of Miss Lemira Gillette-Hill of Washington, D. C., who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams for several weeks. Pink roses combined with sprays of maidenhair ferns were used in the table decoration, places being set for thirty guests. Later, Mrs. James A. Adams plans to entertain for Mrs. Katherine Gillette-Hill, the mother of Miss Gillette-Hill, who also is her house guest. Guests upon that occasion will include members of the older married set. After Easter Mrs. Adams, Sr., will also give a large and brilliant reception in honor of her attractive young daughter-in-law, who was Miss Aileen McCarthy, one of the most popular of the society buds.

In compliment to Mrs. Charles Peyton of Charlestown, West Virginia, who is the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Q. Stanton, and the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton of Andrews boulevard, any number of delightfully informal affairs are being given. One of the most attractively appointed of them was the luncheon and bridge whist party given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Frank E. Walsh at her home, 625 Harvard boulevard. Two tables were arranged for the occasion. Daffodils and ferns were tastefully combined in the decorations. This is the first of a series of informal affairs with which Mrs. Walsh will entertain in the near future. Thursday evening Mrs. Peyton was the guest of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Stanton. Places were arranged for sixteen guests and spring flowers and foliage were used in the decoration of the table and rooms. Mrs. Peyton plans to remain in Los Angeles for several weeks.

Mrs. Allison Barlow of the Huntley entertained with a tea Wednesday for the women of Immanuel church. The rooms were attractively arranged with acacia, jonquils and freesias. Charming descriptions of the marriage customs of a dozen European countries, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Holland and Italy, were given by Mrs. Fred Enderly. For each she wore the typical bridal costume of the country, the national airs being played during the recital. The affair was most delightful and unusual and was enjoyed by about two hundred women.

In honor of Mrs. Albert Phillips of Seattle, who is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Harmon Ryus of Wilshire boulevard, a number of delightful entertainments are being given. Wednesday Mrs. Phillips was the complimented guest at a charming breakfast given by Mrs. William T. Wyatt of Coronado street, later the guests enjoying a matinee. Mrs. L. M. Turner, recently returned from a visit to

El Paso, was also an especial guest. A French gilt basket filled with fragrant spring blossoms, combined with pale-blue tulle bows, attractively arranged, formed the table decorations. Places were set for Mrs. Albert Phillips, Mrs. L. M. Turner, Mrs. Harmon D. Ryus, Mrs. Clem E. Wilson, Mrs. Jotham Bixby, Jr., Mrs. Franklin Washington Kohler, Mrs. W. W. Woods and Mrs. Mary L. Wyatt of New York, mother-in-law of the hostess. Mrs. Ryus entertained Friday with a musicale tea in honor of her sister, about two hundred friends meeting the attractive visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seavers were host and hostess Wednesday at a dancing party given at the Los Angeles Country Club. The affair was planned in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. James Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. John Fennell of Kansas, who are the house guests of Mrs. Seaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharpe of Wilshire boulevard. A number of other informal, but thoroughly delightful affairs are planned in honor of the eastern visitors, who expect to remain here for at least a month, and possibly longer. Monday afternoon Mrs. Fennell and Mrs. Roberts, with Mrs. Chester Thomas of Alaska, were the guests of honor at an informal auction bridge party given by Mrs. Jack Foster of West Twenty-eighth street, at the Los Angeles country Club. Spring flowers and foliage were used in the decorations. Following the bridge games, a number of other friends were invited in to meet the visitors and enjoy a cup of tea. Mrs. Thomas with her husband is visiting here as the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, of South Flower street. Tuesday, Mrs. Frank Thomas entertained for the coterie of visitors with a bridge luncheon at her home. That same evening Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sharpe entertained with a dinner dance at the Los Angeles Country Club for their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Fennell and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Covington of 1019 St. Andrews place entertained Saturday evening last, at a dance and supper party. Acacia blossoms and purple iris formed an unusually attractive decoration. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Lester L. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Brunton, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart F. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hallett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. De Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank De Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cornish, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fryman, Mr. and Mrs. Claire Tappan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leland Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Will Moreland, Miss Arabella Lindsey and Mr. R. H. Hambley.

Miss Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Perne Johnson of 833 West Twenty-eighth street, has chosen Thursday, April 8 as the date for her marriage to Lieutenant William Robert Munroe, U. S. N. The ceremony will take place in Christ Episcopal church and the wedding will be marked by navy appointments, while all the attendants will be brother officers of the groom-elect. Mr. Lee Welch, U. S. N., will serve Mr. Munroe as best man and Miss Margaret Johnson, sister of the bride-elect, will assist as maid of honor. Mrs. Morgan Adams, formerly Miss

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Aileen McCarthy, will be matron of honor. The bridesmaids chosen are Misses Alice Conchita Sepulveda, Ruth Powell and Eleanor Banning. Following the wedding service at the church, a reception will be given at the home of the bride's parents.

Miss Johnson and her fiancé will be guests of honor at several delightful pre-nuptial affairs in the next few weeks. One of the first of these was the informal luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Joy Clark, formerly Miss Florence Wood, a cousin of Miss Johnson. The guests included a coterie of the young society buds of the city. Miss Conchita Sepulveda, who will be one of Miss Johnson's bridesmaids, will entertain for her in the near future and Mrs. Morgan Adams, who will serve as matron of honor, is also planning a pre-nuptial affair in honor of this attractive bride-elect.

Delightful in every particular were the two bridge luncheons given Thursday and Friday by Mrs. B. W. McCausland of Kingsley Drive and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. D. McCausland. The affairs were to compliment Mrs. Mabella Fraser of Detroit, Mich., Mrs. E. G. Rust and Mrs. J. J. Rupp, of Saginaw, Mich. Pink

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sweet peas and roses were attractively arranged about the rooms and in the dining room a basket of dainty spring flowers combined with maiden-hair ferns, centered the table. Score cards in pink and gold marked the places for the guests. About fifty guests were entertained at each affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Thomas of New York city, whose marriage there was a recent event, have been guests at the beautiful Pasadena home of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Miller. Mrs. Thomas before her marriage was Miss Clara Fargo. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Fargo of New York, and the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. King of St. James park, this city. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas was celebrated in St. Thomas' church, New York City, February 15, following which the young couple came west on a honeymoon trip, which will include visiting the two expositions. Mr. and Mrs. James F. Fargo, parents of the young bride, are also visitors here, being guests of Mr. and Mrs. King.

Miss Alice Elliott of West Twenty-eighth street has been enjoying a most delightful trip to San Francisco. She is a guest in the northern city of Miss Marjorie Nichols.

Commodore and Mrs. A. J. Mitchell of 1009 St. Andrews place are in Marble, Colorado, for a short stay. They planned to be away about a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire of San Francisco are visiting in Los Angeles for a short time. They are the house guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer of West Twenty-eighth street.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of South Figueroa street has as her house guest, Mrs. Norman B. Appy, for whom she will entertain later with an informal affair. Mrs. Appy, who is the cousin of Mrs. Churchill, plans to visit the two fairs, and her stay here will be limited.

Mrs. Walter V. Pomeroy has gone to San Francisco for a short visit to the exposition. She will be the guest of friends in the northern city.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Leonardt of Chester place entertained several friends at their home Thursday evening, the occasion being a small dinner party. The decorations were simple, but extremely artistic.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Mines of Kingsley Drive entertained informally Tuesday evening with a small dinner. The affair was artistically appointed, spring blossoms and greenery being used in the decorations.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Rindge have asked about sixty guests to enjoy an out-of-door luncheon Sunday at their country place, La Sierra rancho near Riverside.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Pierce of 269 Gramercy place of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Kathleen Pierce, to Mr. Arthur Chance Amos. The marriage will take place April 14.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead and Miss Florence Woodhead have returned to Los Angeles for the winter. They are at the Burlington apartments. Miss Charlene Woodhead, another daughter, is attending the Westlake School for Girls. Mrs. Woodhead plans to leave soon for a short visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas I. Steer, at the naval headquarters at Fortress Monroe, Va.

In honor of Miss Alice Baxter, the charming leading woman in "Everywoman," Mrs. Catherine Chamberlain entertained Wednesday evening with a dinner party at the Jonathan Club. The affair was informal and guests included only a few friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bennett who for the last three years have lived in

Boston and Cleveland, have returned to Los Angeles and will make their permanent home here at 707 Valencia street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brunswick are enjoying a fortnight's stay in San Francisco, where they are viewing the Panama exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin of 837 South Ardmore street, have as their house guest for a few weeks, Miss Florence Boggs of Modesto, who arrived the earlier part of the week.

Mrs. Arthur Gage, who has been enjoying a stay of several weeks in Mobile, Alabama, as the guest of her mother and sister, is expected to return to her home here next week.

Mrs. Joseph Maier and Mrs. George Stegmeier have been passing several days at San Diego, where they went to see the southern exposition. Mrs. Stegmeier, while a visitor here, is being delightfully entertained by many friends. One of the most recent affairs given in her honor was the handsomely appointed dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. Secondo Guasti were host and hostess.

Mrs. Fritz Nave, who has been visiting in Florida for several months as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich of New York, is now enjoying a stay in Washington, D. C., the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. Lambert Jordan. Mrs. Nave will return west in May and will be a guest for a short time of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter.

Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori and Miss Juliette Boileau of West Twenty-eighth street left last week for San Francisco, where they went to visit the northern exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones and their attractive daughter, Miss Helen Jones, returned home Saturday from a week's stay at Camp Baldy. Miss Jones left Sunday for Uplands for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Howard Payne.

At Cumnock Hall on Wednesday afternoon a tea was given with a group of former students of the Cumnock School as hostesses. The guests were the faculty of the school and the members of the present student body. Many of those present expressed the hope that this might be the first of a series of social affairs in which the alumnae and the undergraduates may become better acquainted.

Mary Antin to Lecture

Los Angeles City Teachers' Club has completed plans for the presentation for the first time, in Los Angeles, of Mary Antin, the famous lecturer and author, at Trinity, April 9 and 10. She is a Russian Jewess who came to this country when a child and received her education in New York city schools. The public was introduced to Mary Antin when "The Promised Land" was published, five or six years ago in The Atlantic Monthly. This includes her own life history. The subject for her first lecture, Friday evening, April 9, is "The Immigrant in Statistics and in Life"; for Saturday evening, "They Who Knock at Our Gates."

Miss Mather's Good Work

For nine years Miss Sibyl Mather, candidate of the Pacific Electric employees for Queen of Southern California, has presided at the information bureau in the Pacific Electric station, answering between three and four thousand questions a day and making hundreds of thousands of friends for Southern California. In all that time there has never been a complaint lodged against her, but, on the contrary, many people have wondered why she seemed to take such a personal interest in their trips and their happiness, not realizing that she did it for love of her work and that she

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took the same interest in everyone who came to her for assistance. Certainly, if there is any virtue in efficiency and human service, if there is any reward for kindness, helpfulness, tact and unfailing courtesy under the most trying conditions, then Miss Mather is entitled to the votes of everyone to place her in the position of honor which she covets and which she is well fitted to grace with credit to herself and her supporters.

Bank Issues Neat Card

Combining the report of its condition as called for by the comptroller of currency as of March 4, and a recognition of exposition year, the Citizen's National Bank has issued a handsome card folder. The front page typifies Los Angeles as "The Gateway to the Exposition," the Spanish type of the San Diego fair being represented on one side, and the more ornate architecture of the San Francisco buildings on the other.



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Music

By W. Francis Gates

One of the largest audiences of the current season heard the joint recital of Alma Gluck and Efreim Zimbalist at Trinity last Saturday afternoon. In view of the diffidence of the average person this year about putting dollars into concert tickets, Manager Behymer is to be congratulated on the drawing of the Zimbalist family. One of the most interesting features was the concerto for violin, piano and organ, played by Messrs. Zimbalist, Chotzinoff and W. E. Strobbridge. This work of Nachez is unusual in its arrangement and had a rarely good group of interpreters. Mme. Gluck makes her programs out of miniatures, but sings these deliciously. Zimbalist, on the contrary, offers more of the florid style of writing, as is natural for his instrument. One group was of folk songs from Hebrew, Italian, Spanish, French, Scotch, German and American sources. It was interesting to trace in these details that were distinctly characteristic of their nationality. Of the songs used, the French one was the least characteristic and the American the weakest in construction. Of Zimbalist's numbers, his own "Russian Dance" was most popular with his hearers and the Wieniawski Obertass Mazurka the most enjoyably played. The program was closed by a joint appearance of the artists in selections hardly in keeping with their standing in the musical world. While Mme. Gluck is over-advertised as to her vocal equipment, there is no doubt that her voice has much beauty of quality and her singing possesses great charm, owing to her own delightful personality. As a recitalist she is an immediate success with her audiences and always will have a warm welcome on the Los Angeles platform.

Los Angeles has found her Higginson. Not a Higginson who will back up a symphony orchestra to the extent of half a million dollars, it is true, but a composite individual who will back up a short series of popular concerts by the symphony orchestra. Five persons have promised to pay any deficit, each for one concert, and the first one of these was given last Saturday night at Trinity, the backer being William A. Clark, Jr. To him must be given the credit for instituting a fashion which it is hoped may become decidedly popular with the wealthy lovers of music. And this is not the first good thing Mr. Clark has done for Los Angeles music—as the Saint Saens quintet club attests. The audience at this concert was considerably larger than the average symphony audience, showing that the public is interested in good music, if well played and at a convenient time. With so large an audience the casual observer might infer that there is no need of a guarantor for such concerts. But I am told that at the low prices offered for these popular concerts, if every seat in the house were sold the income would not quite meet expenses. And it is rather too much to expect that all of the less desirable seats would be taken.

Of main interest on the program of the symphony popular concert was the "March Heroique," by Homer Grunn and the piano part played by him. Mr. Grunn had a reception of which he should be proud and as was to be expected gave a brilliant performance. It combines the style of march with something of the nocturne

element in the central theme and gives a pianist opportunity for the display of a large technique. As an encore he offered a MacDowell number. The orchestral scoring of Mr. Grunn's work was by Rudolf Kopp, of the orchestra, and it was piquantly done. The orchestral numbers were not of a caliber to demand special mention, but they met the requirements of the audience.

Tonight Mrs. L. J. Selby will give a recital of sacred songs at the Woman's club house, Ninth and Figueroa streets. The program is arranged to illustrate five cardinal points of scriptural teaching. As Mrs. Selby is in the first rank of local church singers she will make this an event in church music.

At a meeting of the Los Angeles Music Teachers' Association, Chas. F. Edson spoke in favor of the proposed law requiring registration of music teachers. Concerning the same bill, there appeared before the legislators of Southern California in session at the Chamber of Commerce, a delegation of which the spokesmen were Messrs. Pierce, Spencer, Wylie and Mrs. Ogilvie, opposing the passage of the measure as making no educational requirements and doing no one any good, and ostensibly giving state sanction to charlatans.

Last Sunday night the orchestra of the First Congregational Church, fifty players under W. H. Mead, gave a program of high character at that church. Arthur Gripp, violinist, and Grace James, soprano, were soloists.

Combined Symphony Orchestra, Lyric and Ellis clubs will give Beethoven's Ninth symphony at the Shrine Auditorium, April 30 and May 1. This will be one of the largest musical affairs ever offered in Los Angeles.

At its second concert of the season, given at Trinity Auditorium last week, the Orpheus Club nearly, or possibly quite reached its high water mark. The club is growing in certainty and volume of tone and the large audience this concert gathered shows that it is making its impress felt on the musical life of Los Angeles. As in the concert of the Ellis Club recently, the mainstay of the program was the Protheroe setting of Longfellow's verse, "King Olaf's Christmas" the chorus called "Drontheim," which is one of the required works of the choral competition to be held at the San Francisco exposition later in the season. In this and in Gounod's extended chorus, "By Babylon's Wave" the Orpheus members showed the painstaking drill to which they have been subjected by Conductor Dupuy. They were given generally with accuracy and excellent shading. Another interesting chorus was "The Haymaking" by Alfred Dard, an English writer, and a semi-comedy number, "The Phantom Band" captured the audience to the point of repetition, with its quartet by Messrs. Tibbett, Emerson, Hatch and Campbell. The club offered two soloists, Lillian Ammalee Smith, at the piano and Frederick A. Hermann, a member of the club, at the organ. Miss Smith played a group of short numbers and the Liszt arrangement of the waltz from "Faust." This fair pianist has been programmed at a number of the best affairs given locally in the last two or three years and her reputation

as an artist suffered nothing by her work on this occasion. Her audience enjoyed the certainty and grace of her playing. On the other hand, Mr. Hermann has not been heard enough. Practically a stranger to the auditorium organ, he showed a ready mastery of it and in a number by James H. Rodgers and in two by Boellmann he at once took his place among the pipe organ concert performers of the city. It was natural that a program which offered so much of variety and interest should meet with a warm reception at the hands (literally) of the audience. Announcement was made of the proposed presentation of the Gamut Club festival play by the Orpheus Club at the Gamut auditorium in April, for the purpose of raising funds for the "trek" to San Francisco to participate in the choral prize contest.

There was no lack of interesting program of varied character at the Gamut Club March dinner last week. There was a long array of visitors, men and women who have done things and who are doing things and who want to do more things—for instance, President Whiffen of the city council, who, however, was not introduced as a candidate for the mayoralty, but as an official whose good word and effort have been given to the interests of music and art. There were introduced to the room full of Gamut Club members the following, who were heard in remarks or music: Frederick S. Wright, civic architect, Charles Wakefield Cadman, composer, and Tsianina Redfeather, soprano, Carrie Jacobs Bond and Mary Carr Moore, composers, Mrs. John S. Jones, Hans Linne, conductor, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane and Mr. and Mrs. Collins, on the Orpheus circuit, Count Wachmeister and Freida Peycke, pianists, and other singers and players. The club was especially interested in the Cadman Indian songs sung by the Indian maiden, Miss Redfeather, who makes a specialty of the Cadman and Troyer arrangements of Indian themes. Mr. Collins' monologue and Mr. Simons' closing "benediction," the remarks of Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Moore, and the playing of Count Axel Wachmeister all added decided interest to the quite varied program and marked another red letter on the Gamut calendar. Considerable interest is taken by the club in the coming performance of its "Jinks" play of Mission days, written by Carl Bronson and to be given by the Orpheus Club at the Gamut club theater in April.

Unusual in its conception and fulfillment was the recital given by Count Axel Wachmeister of his own compositions, at the Gamut Club last Tuesday night. He had called to his aid Mrs. Tiffany, soprano, Arthur Babcock, baritone, Misses Fuhrer and Crowell, Mmes. Webb and Nehrer, violin, Miss Ballard, viola, Miss Ouilet, harp, Miss Fuhrer, 'cello and Miss Jones, bass. What a man, not a count, could have been so fortunate? The compositions were for voice, for violin and piano, for 'cello and piano, and for voice with string orchestra. Mr. Wachmeister has a varied muse and ranges from the pounding rhythm of a folk dance—as he did at the Gamut Club last week—to the intricacies of the sonata form, and in songs, from the wailings of a weary heart to the joyous song of love. The violin and piano sonata was particularly interesting from a musician's standpoint, and of the composer's audience most were musicians. The songs "Maiden of Dreams" and "Three Wild Swans" and an orchestral poem, "Damophyla" impressed by their beauty of construction. Mr. Wachmeister ranges himself with the modern school of writers in the matter of thematic treatment—or rather of non-treatment, as he does not stop to develop or repeat but passes continually to new material. His versatility was thoroughly

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demonstrated in this selection of his writings as was his melodic gift.

In the presentation of Mendelssohn's "Athalie" at Trinity Auditorium next Wednesday evening, the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, with Frederick Brueschweiler, conductor, will have the assistance of the following artists: Molly Byerly Wilson, contralto; Grace Wood Jess, mezzo-soprano; Louise Sexton, soprano; John A. Campanari, reader; Arthur W. Blakeley, organ; Lorna Gregg and Will Garraway, accompanists. The contralto soloist, Molly Byerly Wilson, with the assistance of Will Garraway at the piano, will present the following recital program as the first part of the evening's entertainment: Lascia, ch'io Pianga (Handel), Zueignung (Strauss), Im Herbst (Franz), O Don Fatale (Verdi), Destiny (Colby), Allah (Chadwick), Mother o' Mine (Tours), Irish Love Song (Lang). Frederick Brueschweiler's beautiful composition, "Ave Maria," will have its first Los Angeles presentation following Miss Wilson's recital and closing the first half of the evening. It will be sung by the chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, under the direction of the composer.

At the Congress of American Musicians to be held in Los Angeles connected with the meeting of the Federation of Music clubs, Mr. Cadman, who is prominent in making the arrangements, expects many leading American musicians to present their own works, such men as George W. Chadwick of Boston, Carl Buesch, of Kansas City, Arthur Farwell of New York, E. R. Kroeger of St. Louis, David Bispham of New York, and Theodore Spiering of Chicago, with others whose arrangements are not yet made.

Sewell Ford has been writing further accounts of the adventures and achievements of his carrot-headed hero, and Edward J. Clode has the book ready for immediate issue. Its title is "Shorty McCabe on the Job."



Art



Week of March 14 to 20

George Inness—Seventeen canvases—Museum Art Gallery.
 Illustrations by contemporary Americans—Museum Art Gallery.
 Max Wieczorek—Portraits and landscapes—Friday Morning Clubhouse.
 Esther Hunt—Chinese Water-colors—Nathan Bentz Co., 213 West Fourth.
 William P. Silva—Twelve landscapes—Kanst Gallery, 854 South Hill.
 Otto Sinding—Marine and landscape—Byrens Gallery, 836 South Broadway.
 F. Hopkinson Smith—Twenty-two water colors—Raymond Gould Shop, 324 West Fifth.
 Textiles and Prints—State Normal School.
 Individual hand-colored Easter cards—E. H. Taber, 414 South Spring.
 Hashburgs gold for China Painters—Duncan, Vail Co., 730-732 South Hill.
 16th Century Stained glass windows—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth.
 Benjamin C. Brown, 15th Annual exhibition, California Landscapes—S. P. Station, Pasadena.
 Rookwood Pottery—Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena.
 Italian reproductions of Old Masters—O'Hara & Livermore Shop, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

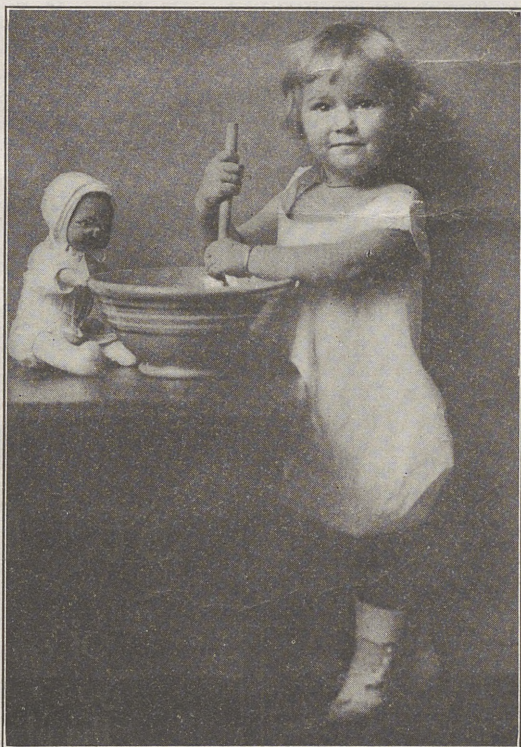
By Beatrix de Lack Krombach

I AM an expectant being, and therefore as many others such, am frequently given to partake of the fruits of disappointment, but then, had we no disappointments, how could we appreciate our many satisfactory things. I had looked forward so pleasurably to seeing that "Inness Collection" and found upon arriving at Exposition Park that there were only about a half dozen really fine examples of this gifted man's work. Perhaps this is accounted for when the source of the collection is known. However, let us be thankful for small favors. If these canvases serve no other purpose they will at least interest many who did not know of Mr. Inness' existence. Exhibitions of this character always have their educational value.

One notes particularly this artist's "autumnal mania" in the color schemes and other details of the compositions. Mr. Inness would leave early in the morning of a spring day, sketch in the most exquisite bits of this elusive element of nature, return in the late afternoon, and by nightfall have reproduced on a larger canvas the same scene in the tender tones of autumn. Perhaps that mood best suited his genius. We see, however in this collection ample evidence that he knew also how to interpret the subtlety of the springtime of the year. In the retrospective we find the artist's motive was to present nature as literally as he saw her. Line and mass were depicted with great verity and the subtlety of its "airiness" often overlooked. Then came a time when he began to be more sympathetic and we feel his understanding of texture and modeling qualities have less pronounced angles of straight lines, though the curves take on a heaviness and near unto murky darkness which deprived his landscapes of much of their former sprightliness. And then he painted when painting was not a "formula" but a transposition of the ideality, the vagueness, the intensity of the spontaneity of nature plus all her elusive subtleties.

There are wide and far-reaching comparisons to be made in criticism of his work. Note the fidelity in the interpretation of the birch trees in "The Junita River Near Harrisburgh," painted in 1849. Only a Corot could have duplicated this splendid portrayal. This canvas executed in the technique of the old Hudson Bay school is alive with subtle tones of color,

yet it is difficult to reconcile it with his later work. It best brings to your attention my first named assertion of his motive in painting. It also demonstrates that an artist's understanding of color values and the placement of his pigment strokes, which form his technique, may be ever so well studied but unless he comprehend and feel fully that rare attunement with the environment he is depicting, his presentments will lack their first essential "individuality." Compare this canvas with "Pequonoc River, Pompton," painted as long ago as 1876 and see its prophetic note of color scheme. It is the chromatic scale by which so many of our modern landscapes are developed. There is a liquid freshness and a purity of vision in its conception. How tender are the aerated lights and how vital and subtle its



"MAKING DADDY A CAKE"—MABEL WATSON PHOTO

vibrations. It sings together as "notes rendered in harmony." The moods of Diaz step out to us in "Close of Day." Here is a finely tempered analysis in purling tones. "A Nook in Our Village" is reminiscent of the many romantic spots in which the New England country abounds. Another gray presentment is a misty thing enveloped in the lights of afternoon, "An Old Mill near Riverhead." Composition was not a forte with Mr. Inness. It was his values of the elements which made his canvases famous.

William P. Silva is the man of silver tones. That is the quality one first senses when viewing his pictures. He has a dozen new ones at the Kanst Gallery on South Hill street. They are recent interpretations of Carmel and its environs, and several bits of Venice, Italy. The finest in conception is "Hazy Day" in Venice. There is a Turner-esque motif in this canvas. It has soft tender lights that may be said to be less brilliant in expression than the old master's, but they play with equal facility on the imagination. Next I liked best "A

Canal of Venice." It is a tender rendition of a vital subject. The canal has a quality of silver opalescence not to be denied. "Carmel River" in our own California is a lake shore transcript. The mirror lake is alive with the tender lights of the sunset and you would like to let yourself down and dream.

* * *

Louis Hovey Sharp has also six canvases at Kanst's. These are records of his visits to Indian villages. Mr. Sharp sees the Arizona desert in a vital yet subtle way. He knows its values of contrast in tones and atoms. Rolling mesa plains or sand stretches alike receive truthful interpretation. When he has given more time to depicting these parts he will do valuable work. "Corn Rock" a prehistoric burial ground in Mishongnovia "The Long Trail," "The Old Chief," are some of the titles of his pictures. From March 22 to April 3, Alice Beach Winters will show her recent landscapes and figure canvases at this gallery. Mrs. Winters is well known as an interpreter of interesting compositions.

* * *

Ralph Davidson Miller's conception of the landscape of our domains is always fascinating. Some of his recently completed canvases are at the Byrens gallery at 836 South

Broadway. "Pacoima" is executed in a departure in color tones for Mr. Miller. It is more brilliant than usual. It is decorative and the curling trunks are a note of good values in modeling. "Old Baldy" is faithfully rendered and has excellent values in the low toned pigments.

* * *

Artistic invitations have been issued to visit Miss Mabel Watson's studio in Pasadena "Children's Week"—March 15 to 20 inclusive. She is devoting this time to an exhibit replete with suggestions of how little people may be "taken." The illustration on this page shows their value as an association of the time of childhood. Miss Watson has won fame with this kind of photograph, as her compositions have a rare quality of personality.

* * *

Last Wednesday afternoon Rev. Father Thomas P. Fahey was the speaker at the Art Conference of the Friday Morning Club. He delivered a talk similar to that he first gave in the Dominican Convent in Milan

(Continued on Page 15.)

Kanst Art Gallery

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Books

ERNEST POOLE has come close to producing that work of art concerning which the prophets of literature have speculated for generations, *The Great American Novel*. It is called "The Harbor," and in casting about for a point of vantage from which to view most comprehensively the conglomerate life of the United States, could he have reached higher ground?—if one may speak of a harbor as "ground." Here are to be found the incoming tides of new blood, be that blood tainted or pure; here the most tremendous expressions of the outpouring of American achievement toward all corners of the earth; here labor in its most mechanical form; here capital in its most dominant mood; here poverty in its most hopeless condition; here wealth finds its favorite form of leisure in palatial liners. To see all this calls for a man with a panoramic mind, a man of "wide-angle" vision, and yet a man who can delve down beneath the sweep and bigness of it all into the lives of individuals of all classes. This is just what Mr. Poole has done, and yet his book is not inordinately long, and his narrative never pauses to give way to essays or mere argument.

Mr. Poole tells his story in the first person, in the character of Billy, a young man who made up his mind early in life to be a writer. Billy passes through three stages in his conception of what the harbor means. His father was in the shipping business, at one time a man of large interests, and highly successful. As Billy saw the harbor of his father it was a place in which there were strange, conflicting elements. There was romance and there was sordidness, but most of all, in his youth, it seemed almost an ogre. It had swallowed up his father, and threatened himself. Then he went to Paris, to mingle with other artists and get a new viewpoint. There he came near to the stage of becoming simply the artist for the sake of the art, with De Maupassant as his ideal. From this he was saved partly by the influence of a friend, Joe Kramer, with revolutionary sympathies, and finally by the death of his mother, which called him back to the harbor. He found his father's business ruined, and under the urge of the necessity for making money he actually became a clerk in one of the harbor offices. Soon, however, he found local color in the harbor and began to write marketable things.

Then came the second stage. Billy became acquainted with a great engineer, and at last saw the harbor as the expression of efficiency in the hands of big men. He associated with men of accomplishment, and writing of them and from their viewpoint achieved something akin to fame among the magazines, until Kramer, the revolutionist, crossed his path again, and forced him to see the submerged side of the harbor's life. Follows then a great dock strike, in which Billy becomes a sympathizer with the blind, fighting mass, hopeless as is their cause, and almost purposeless their struggle, excepting toward anarchy, or at least socialism. The awakening comes when Kramer, now down and out but still the revolutionist and determined to devote his life to the cause, wants to marry Billy's sister. Then there comes to Billy the realization that none of his three visions was complete, but the harbor is big enough to include all of them, and

inspired by his wife, who has been a sympathetic and helpful companion in all his varying fortunes, he sets about it to write the book which will express this idea. So the volume ends with the beginning of Billy's endeavor to do what the story itself has accomplished.

If our turbulent national life means anything it must mean this—that neither romance, nor capital, nor labor, expresses the highest ideals and deepest needs of our existence as a people. In all of these things there is good, diluted with evil, and the synthesis of the good must be reached in order that the evil may be eliminated. Most writers approach the interpretation of American life only from one side, or rather are so bewildered by the many-sidedness of that life that they attempt only a fragmentary treatment of it. Mr. Poole (and this is his first book, though he has been known to magazine readers) has had the courage to try to get at the problem in a broad way, and he has succeeded, using only one character for the purpose. This unity of construction makes the result impressive, for Billy is intensely human and normal. His domestic life is the ideal for which all men strive, and so everyone can understand him and his sincerity, even though few can realize it in their own lives. So "The Harbor" is a true interpretation of national factors, sanely seen, and if not *The Great American Novel* is at least the most important contribution to American fiction in a long time. ("The Harbor." By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company.)

R. B.

Gorky's Fine Craftsmanship

Maxim Gorky is one of the few writers for whose work there is a constant demand but who resist the temptation to capitalize this fact. He seems to write only that which insists that it be written. So one of his infrequent volumes, just published, "Tales of Two Countries" (Italy and Russia) is unique for its fine craftsmanship, no less than for its powerful grip on the certain situations which the various stories describe. These tales are seldom happy, for Gorky's people are almost invariably the world's sufferers, either great, tragic figures, or humble folk floating along upon the stream of their own misfortunes, albeit frequently philosophical in their acceptance of what life seems to mean. But it is the scenic cameos with which most of the stories are introduced that must appeal most strongly to the cultured reader. This, for example:

"The sky looks affably down at the earth, with a limpid eye of which the sun is a fiery iris. The sea has been hammered smooth out of some blue metal, the colored boats of the fishermen are as motionless as if they were soldered into the semicircle of the bay, which is as clear as the sky overhead. A seagull flies past, lazily flapping its wings; out of the water comes another bird, whiter yet and more beautiful than the one in the air. In the distant mist floats, as if melting in the sun, a solitary rock in the sea, like a precious stone in the ring formed by the Neapolitan bay." In its impressionistic economy of words it recalls Arthur Symonds' *Dieppe* lyrics.

Simplicity as great and no less subtle characterizes the stories themselves. There are no intricate plots, no "O. Henry twists," but only incidents, almost as if they had been

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written by a particularly brilliant and sympathetic newspaper reporter. "A Message from the Sea" recalls the Synge classic, "Riders to the Sea," in fact, the mystery of the waters pervades a great majority of the stories. Social unrest occupies a good deal of attention, as might be expected of Gorky. Fable and allegory are present in modified form. But, always, there is the craftsman, not displaying his tools, for there is sincerity in Gorky's art, but delicately carving fine cameos of literature. ("Tales of Two Countries." By Maxim Gorky. B. W. Huebsch.)

Handy Book on the Philippines

It is well that Southern Californians should know that a native son who made a fine record in the Philippine Islands, and as professor of political science in the University of California still carries on his labors in the old

field. Dr. Barrows is a graduate of Pomona College, the third edition of his valuable handbook, "History of the Philippines," appeared a year or two ago, and as a sequel he has just published a slim volume, "A Decade of American Government in the Philippines." It is a judicious summary of the ten years from 1903, when, after the suppression of the rebellion, the work of establishing stable forms of government began. As Dr. Barrows is primarily an educator, who served first as superintendent of Schools at Manila, and later as director of education for the Philippines, his sympathies are naturally with the progressive Tagalogs and Bisayans and other Christian races. It is noticeable that scientific investigators, like Dean C. Worcester, whose two-volume treatise which appeared last year is a notable addition to our acquaintance with the Islands, have

more hope of the untutored savages of the hills. For a handy and well-balanced discussion of the situation today, this little volume is invaluable. The picture facing the title-page is that of ex-President William Howard Taft, who devoted so much time and attention to the reorganization of our new possessions across the Pacific. ("A Decade of American Government in the Philippines," 1903-1913. By David P. Barrows, Ph. D., LL.D. World Book Company.)

In the March Magazines

While war continues, naturally, to occupy the greater part of the World's Work, the March number contains an article, the first of a series by Burton J. Hendrick, on "Pork Barrel Pensions." The revelations are interesting, as the article is prepared by a man who has the real interests of the deserving veterans at heart. One of the most remarkable articles in the number is "Do Wars Really Cost Anything?" in which Theodore Price endeavors to prove that, merely from the economic viewpoint, wars are of ultimate benefit. Unique for this magazine is an illustrated article on John Bunney, whom H. W. Lanier calls "The Coquelin of the Movies."

Food supplies for the world are analyzed by the Review of Reviews for March. Dr. Ivan Yovitchevitch, of the Montenegro council of state, outlines his prediction of "Europe After the War." Frank Simonds summarizes the war for February. Numerous other phases of the great struggle are discussed.

Sunset for March, naturally, is devoted largely to outbursts of joy at the successful opening of the great Exposition, and with pictures and text it celebrates the event. A high tribute is paid to Reuben Hale, who is given full credit for the originating of the Fair. There is a variety of fiction and articles of western interest, one by Walter V. Woehlke being a tribute to the home qualities of Southern California.

Even more handsome than usual are the pictures in The Theosophical Path for March, the reproductions of photographs of Chinese and Japanese art, Belgium and Wales scenery and other interesting subjects, ranking among the finest the Point Loma plant ever has produced.

Notes From Bookland

"Lieutenant What's-His-Name" is the elaboration into a novel by May Futrelle of the little story "The Simple Case of Susan," written by her husband, Jacques Futrelle, who lost his life on the Titanic. It will be published this week by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mitchell Kennerley will have ready soon a new novel by the author of "Altogether Jane," who still preserves her anonymity. It is called "Elbow Lane," and is about a little girl who grows up to become a famous sculptor. At the same time he will publish John Selborne's "The Thousand Secrets," dealing with mysterious crimes, Scotland Yard detectives, international consequences, and love.

Adventures of the famous Foreign Legion are told by Vere Shortt in "Lost Sheep," which the John Lane Company will publish soon. It deals with the vicissitudes of a young English army man who joins the Legion after bitter experiences and with the romance and the tragedy which he encountered while serving with it.

Maurice Hewlett's "A Lover's Tale" is promised for early publication by the Scribner's. It is a historical romance of Iceland in the days of the Vikings and is said to be full of action, strife, and strenuous human endeavor.

Henry Holt & Co. will bring out this month Burton E. Stevenson's "Little Comrade: A Story of the Great War," whose publication was postponed for two or three weeks. It tells a story of mystery, love, international intrigue, perils, and dangerous adventure during the first months of the war, mainly in Belgium and Germany.

"Pillars of Smoke" is the title of an anonymous novel bearing the subtitle "Manuscripts Found in the Papers of Katherine Peshconet and Edited by Her Executor, Olive Ransom," which the Sturgis & Walton Company will bring out during the coming month. It is a reissue of a novel published half a score of years ago under the title "A Woman's Heart."

Gilbert Parker's book on the great struggle, "The Making of the War," soon will be ready for publication by Dodd, Mead & Co. It sets forth quite fully the political factors involved in the evolution of the war and makes a special study of the development of Germany's aims and war policy during the last forty years.

ART AND ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 13.)

when he spoke before the visitors assembled in front of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper."

F. Hopkinson Smith's pictures remain another week at Raymond Gould's shop on West Fifth street. It is intimated that several sales have been made to Los Angeles collectors.

Max Wieczorek, whose colored drawings and landscapes are on exhibition at the Friday Morning Clubhouse, was one of the exhibitors at the New York show of the Architectural League, with four decorative panels for murals and stained glass window designs.

James T. Armstrong was the speaker at the monthly meeting of the Palette Club of the Los Angeles School of Art and Design. He discussed "The Appreciation of Beauty" and fluently interpreted its application. Later he told of his personal encounters with Phil May, the late cartoonist of "Punch." Posters of the pupils were criticised.

In his talk on "Pageantry" before the Devenish Art Club last Saturday, Hamilton A. Wolf dwelt on our need for a better understanding of the usefulness of this method for interpreting the growth and development of this part of the country. He cited the example of the San Bernardino orange shows and commented on the vast possibilities there presented. He also read his play "Spring," prepared and presented last Easter for the Friday Morning Club.

Esther Hunt is showing three fine studies of Chinese children in the Bentz shop on West Fourth street. These subtle portrayals are highly interesting both as to tones and modeling. They are characteristic of the race and the compositions interpret environs best known to world travelers. The larger one depicts a maiden gowned in a dainty blue coat in transparent water color. Silhouetting the background are jars of incense alive with smoke. The Chinese boy of another with his American balloon, the enjoyment of which gives him much pleasure, has tones of maroon and soft yellows. A maid with lillies has also soft blues in juxtaposition with delicate greens and is interestingly handled.

Last Monday afternoon Miss Wilkinson cleverly told of "The Modern Movement in Art" at the Pasadena Music and Art Association. She spoke to a goodly audience and was much appreciated.

John Nichols, who was for the past three years in Europe and the West Indies, painting landscapes, has recovered from a six months' illness.

Analysis of "The Clansman"

By Henry K. Norton

No motion picture ever has caused such a sensation as D. W. Griffith's Civil War drama, "The Clansman," which has been drawing thousands daily to the Auditorium for five weeks. Henry K. Norton, author of "The Story of California," has written the following keen and independent analysis of the work for The Graphic.

DURING the last five weeks the question "Have you seen the Clansman?" has become almost as common as "Merry Christmas" on the twenty-fifth of December. And like the traditional "Same to you" the reply comes back almost invariably, "Yes, isn't it wonderful?" It is wonderful. To some it is marvelous. To most it is terrific. To call it a "triumph" means nothing, for they have triumphs six to the block on Main Street. But it is wonderful because it excites wonder. We wonder how it is possible to bring together such a wealth of detail and such overpowering mass. We wonder at the historical accuracy of some scenes, and the fantastic construction of others. We wonder at many things, but most of all we wonder why a man whose mentality could conceive and whose ability could execute so magnificent a project could ever be guilty of the pitiful inanity of the final aberration called "War" and the nightmare called "Peace." Perhaps Mr. Griffith is like most of his audience and by that time was mentally exhausted. Not content to bring twelve years of the past into three hours of the present, he must drag in his idea of the future. The future is what might have been expected. It doesn't "go." Mr. Griffith may be the "greatest" moving picture director, but yet not "great." A great man in any line of work is the first to recognize his own limitations.

Why is "The Clansman"? It is said that for every action there are two reasons—a good reason and the real reason. Here the real reason is obvious. Probably it already takes several bookkeepers to keep track of it. Mr. Griffith no doubt receives daily reports of the amount by which the receipts are exceeding the \$500,000 he did not spend in producing the picture. But what is the "good reason"? It is intimated that it is desired to bring home to us the horrors of war. Perhaps to make us afraid of war is not the noblest way to promote peace but possibly on the other hand any means of promotion should be welcomed. And we do see the horror of war in "The Clansman." In the early part of the evening it is quite vivid. But as we go on the horror of other things,—riot, arson and murder and rape,—is so vividly portrayed to us that the horror of war is quite lost in the overwhelming mass of horrors. We even look back upon the war incidents with a certain measure of relief and feel that after all, war is not wholly synonymous with evil and peace with good. The horror of war with which we begin is very liable to become a horror of "The Clansman" before we get through.

If the good reason be to teach history the production is utterly inexcusable. Each present rewrites history to meet its own needs. The history in "The Clansman" meets no need of the present. It is entirely irrelevant. Our negro fellow-citizens have been urged on by skillful press agents to protest against the picture on the ground that it tends to arouse feeling against their race. It does not. It does arouse a strong feeling of resentment against Thaddeus Stevens and his "carpetbaggers." But that is useless. If the purpose be to present the Southern side of the great controversy it fails miserably. We sym-

pathize with one Southern family, but we are presented with no argument whatever for the cause for which they fought. If it did present the Southern side it would serve no good purpose. If there be any remaining hostility to the South in this country it will pass entirely with another generation. To present the side of the South to a generation which has well-nigh put the whole struggle out of its mind, serves only to resuscitate old causes of contention. To find the good reason for "The Clansman" is as difficult as to find the real reason is easy.

But Mr. Griffith has done one thing. "The Clansman" typifies as nothing else has done the mental attitude of the present time. All our amusements must be in the form of triple extracts. We will have nothing of the commonplace. We must have all of the horrors of all of the war in all of the country for all of the dozen years, concentrated on one family and passed in vivid review before our eyes in the short space of three hours. Lest the effect be not sufficiently marked we add cleverly descriptive music to heighten and drive home every impression. As thrill is piled on thrill and climax heaped on climax, as murder follows murder, and hair-breadth escape follows revolting death, all the while the insistent crash of drums and the bray of brass, and the ever recurring onrush of hundreds of mad riders sets up ever-increasing pulsations of heart and nerves until we would fairly scream for help to get us out from under the overpowering weight of it all.

Prophecy is always rash and usually vain, but let us prophesy that "The Clansman" is the last and greatest of its kind. It will have its imitators, but never an equal. An audience will not sit for more than three hours, and it will never be possible to crowd more thrills and more horrors into that time and still tell a coherent story. And there is the inevitable reaction. People can be taken about so far in any direction and then they look around, see what is being done to them, and refuse to go farther. Nay, they even go back. And so with the thrill of moving pictures. In "The Clansman" they have reached the point where they bring your nerves to the surface and gently rub them with a fine file. It seems a new sensation, and that does for a time. Then people will begin to realize that any dentist can do the same thing; and the bubble is burst. The very adaptable moving-picture managers will then turn to some new line of development. Possibly, even probably, they can dodge it for a while but sooner or later they must begin to work out of the broad and easily secured effects of melodrama and into the realm of artistic production. Poetry, drama, painting, sculpture, and even music find it difficult to secure a place in our civilization. The moving picture is thoroughly at home. As a vehicle for the art expression of this age, it has limitless possibilities. We are now in the Homeric stage. We shall look for the typical forcing process to bring a rapid development.

Rev. Dr. Joel Blau, pastor of the Madison Avenue Temple, has written a volume of essays of an inspirational character bearing the title "Every-soul," which will be brought out this spring in London by David Nutt, the English publisher.

Stocks & Bonds

RUMORS of a merger of the interests of the Home Telephone and Pacific Telephone and Telegraph have lent a portion of strength to the issues of the former this week on the stock exchange. Latest sales of Home common have been at \$17. Quotations on the preferred at time of writing are \$35 and no offering, while the bid and asked prices on the first fives and refunding bonds are respectively 84½@87½ and 78@82½. The fact that the local franchise of the Pacific Telephone company expires toward the end of 1916, with no probability of a renewal makes it appear inevitable that a consolidation will be effected.

Union Oil issues have had their ups and downs within a fraction. Nothing eventful has happened to stimulate the market for these securities. The lowest price on Union Oil this week was \$49.25. It has failed to touch \$50 for a high up to this writing.

As is to be expected in the present state of the market, the "cheap" issues have received the most of the spotlight's rays. National Pacific is off a little. Midway Northern continues to sell at 12½ cents, a price which it has maintained unwaveringly since the rendering of the decision in the withdrawal case about two weeks ago. United Oil sold at 24 cents and small fractions above that price. Maricopa Northern was at 2 cents.

In the mining list Consolidated Mines has shown an improved tone. A few scattered trades in Yellow Pine, Atlanta and Cash Boy have been reported.

Los Angeles Investment showed a little strength one day, but the change in this issue for the week is nominal.

Aside from the trading in Home Telephone first fives at 84, there is nothing to chronicle in reference to the bond market. The bank stock list remains quiet. It is nearly the time for the spring quarterly dividend disbursements; the issues are "dividend off" on the exchange March 25.

On the whole the market in the past two weeks has been much better. It is the first instance where signs have indicated any return of permanent improvement, and followers of speculative activities are beginning to feel much encouraged. A few striking developments would do a great deal to stimulate the growing interest.

Banks and Banking

New York state's savings banks as of January 1 aggregated resources of \$1,912,204,573, falling off \$14,129,758 from resources January 1, 1914. The bonds and mortgages held \$1,017,493,072, an increase of \$27,702,310. Amounts due depositors increased \$29,803,482 to \$1,771,500,958, and \$33,333,598 more was withdrawn than deposited.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Santa Fe earnings show a gain of more than \$3,400,000 in gross and \$2,950,000 in net for the seven months ended Jan. 31 but good as this is it does not make up the heavy decrease of a year ago in gross by about \$1,000,000, although the gain in net offsets the 1914 loss by approximately \$700,000. This clearly indicates that the company has reduced its operat-

ing expenses to minimum levels. The company also thus far in the current year has operated between 200 and 300 miles more road than last year, from which it received the benefit of additional revenues. The Santa Fe has realized considerable additional business recently in connection with the expositions in San Francisco and San Diego, particularly noticeable in the passenger business. The territory served by the road is rich in agricultural products, the demand for which has been satisfactory for the past several months. Last year, notwithstanding the heavy losses in revenues, the Atchison earned more than 7¼ per cent on its common stock, compared with more than 8½ per cent in the year previous, about 8¼ per cent in 1912 and 9¼ per cent in 1911. In the later part of January it was reported that the company contemplated new financing in connection with maturities of bonds March 1. It was stated, however, that nothing of the sort was under consideration, but that the bonds maturing March 1 would be paid off from funds in the treasury.

Balance of trade in favor of the United States for the week ending Feb. 27 was \$19,925,059. The exports were \$56,802,336, and the imports aggregated \$36,877,277. The exports of cotton for the same week totaled 368,407 bales, making a total for the twelve weeks of 3,609,287 bales. This statement is issued by the department of commerce, based on figures from thirteen principal customs districts.

California Petroleum Company reports for year ended December 31 these changes in earnings: Gross \$2,867,117, decrease \$18,071; surplus for dividends \$1,402,393, decrease \$28,090; surplus after dividends \$212,542, increase \$192,561.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Friday, March 5

WAR NEWS: Victories of unimportant character claimed by Russians and French * * * Total number of German submarines now sunk is four * * * Germans strengthening lines in Alsace.

GENERAL: Hilles decides that the next President shall be a Republican * * * Concerted action in Mexico like that used at Peking is being considered * * * Great blizzard in middle west.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Former Senator Bard dies at Hueneme * * * Stringent ordinances regulating billboards are drafted * * * Step taken toward consolidation of city and county assessments.

Saturday, March 6

WAR NEWS: Russians resume the offensive but make little progress * * * Situation in west continues to be series of artillery duels.

GENERAL: Liner Touraine ablaze in midocean, but while relief is near it is not considered necessary to take off passengers * * * Pressure to intervene in Mexico is brought upon state department.

Sunday, March 6

WAR NEWS: Greece making preparations for war, the King having the confidence of the people in accepting the resignations of his cabinet.

GENERAL: Famine imminent in

Mexico City * * * Fire on liner Touraine is overcome and she proceeds under her own steam. **OF LOCAL INTEREST:** Sells, the multiple-criminal, makes final confession to long series of crimes.

Monday, March 8

WAR NEWS: More forts in Dardanelles silenced, but Turks are offering stubborn resistance to advance of allied fleets * * * British aviators raid German submarine base.

GENERAL: Carranza authorities seize British steamer and imprison commander * * * United States notifies Carranza in terms that sound like ultimatum, that conditions must be improved promptly * * * Supreme court rules that railways have a right to consider each haul a separate transaction, and are entitled to profit on each.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: John W. Reid, formerly wealthy oil man, commits suicide by jumping off roof of hotel and falling 150 feet * * * Los Angeles Railway will not contest refusal of state railway commission to permit it to refinance, but will cease all improvements.

Tuesday, March 9

WAR NEWS: Three more steamers sunk by German submarines * * * British government may take over all manufacturing industries for the purpose of circumventing union labor troubles and increasing output of war supplies.

GENERAL: Zapata said to have occupied Mexico City and promised open communication with American border in six days * * * New York City may establish local option zones * * * President announces he will make no appointments in the congressional recess.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: County must come to city's terms for consolidation of charities, or plan will be abandoned, is council's ultimatum.

Wednesday, March 10

WAR NEWS: Germans take their turn in making advances in Poland * * * Word received of destruction of American merchant ship by a German sea raider * * * British sink another German submarine * * * Bombardment of Dardanelles forts continues.

GENERAL: Villa says he will unite all Mexican factions to resist intervention, if that step is taken * * * American exports for January \$62,000,000 more than in January, 1914 * * * State purchase of Western Pacific Railway is discussed at Sacramento.

Polo at San Francisco

Polo enthusiasm is growing apace as the opening of the six weeks tournament of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition draws near. More than a dozen teams have entered already, such as Cooperstown, Philadelphia Country Club, Riverside, army teams from Fort Sam Houston, the Presidio of Monterey and Texas City, Onswentia, Coronado, Meadow Brook, Santa Barbara and Pasadena, with such distinguished players in their ranks as Devereux Milburn, "Pad" Rumsey, Thomas Driscoll, Lieutenant Lewis Brown, Rene La Montague, Hugh Drury, Walter Hobart, Perry Beadston, Lowber Stokes and others whose names are words with which to conjure with in polo circles. Many of the players will be accompanied by their wives for whom much entertaining will be done in San Francisco's most exclusive smart set. Among those who are already in California or are en route here are Mr. and Mrs. Watson Webb of New York, the latter of whom was Miss Electra Havemeyer; Charles Rumsey, familiarly known as "Pad," with Mrs. Rumsey, who was Miss Mary Harriman; Mr. and Mrs. Russel Grace of New York; Devereux Milburn and Mrs. Milburn, who was Miss Steele of New York, a daughter of Charles Steele the partner of Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. and Mrs. Max Fleischman of Cleveland.

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DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
Feb. 6, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Mattie Klipper, of El Venado, California, who on December 26, 1911, made homestead application No. 014479 for SE¼, SE¼, Sec. 23, SW¼ SW¼, Sec. 24, Tp. 1S, R. 18 W., and on March 5, 1913, made additional homestead entry No. 017945, for NW¼ NW¼, Sec. 25, NE¼ NE¼, Sec. 26, Tp. 1 S., R. 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a.m. on the 26th day of March, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Hull, John H. Taylor, James T. L. Harris, W. D. Newell, C. E. Mubbell, all of Elvenado, California.
NON-COAL.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, February 18, 1915. 013518
Notice is hereby given that Andrew B. Humphrey, of Santa Monica, California, who on July 5, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013518, for NE¼ SE¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. M., and on September 5, 1911, made additional homestead entry No. 013821, for NW¼ SE¼, N¼ SW¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 1 S., R. 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a.m. on the 6th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Thew, C. L. Burrett, both of Cornell California; Elmer M. Smashey, of 1018 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, California; C. L. Weise, of 2015 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica, California.
JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

Non-Coal

Theater of Children

One of the most interesting phases of the new movement in the theater is that which has to do with the interest that is being taken in staging plays by and for children. This is all unique and distinct from the literary dramatic movement, in that its purpose is neither to educate children to an appreciation of what is known as the drama of ideas, nor to interest them in acting as a profession. It is simply provided as a stimulus to the imagination. For the benefit of those who are engaged in this work, an excellent book has been written by Constance D'Arcy Mackaye (no relation to Percy, by the way) "How to Produce Children's Plays," in which the history of the movement is given and valuable suggestions as to play analysis and staging. It is almost a text book, and yet it will be found interesting also by all those who are engaged in any sort of study of the modern drama in its various manifestations. ("How to Produce Children's Plays." By Constance D'Arcy Mackaye. Henry Holt & Co.)

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8:00 P. M., The "Lark."
Arrive San Francisco 9:45 A. M.

10:15 P. M., San Francisco Passenger
Arrive San Francisco 3:30 P. M.

VALLEY LINE

THROUGH THE "INLAND EM-
PIRE" OF CALIFORNIA

6:00 P. M., The "Owl"
Arrive San Francisco 8:59 A. M.

7:30 P. M., Number 49.
Arrive San Francisco 12:50 P. M.

10:00 P. M., Number 7
Arrive San Francisco 7:50 P. M.

California
Orange Day
March 20



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Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits,
\$20,000,000.

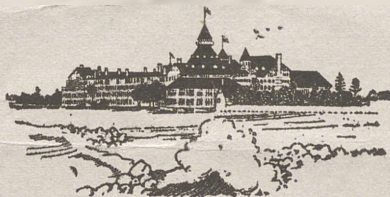
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